



1914

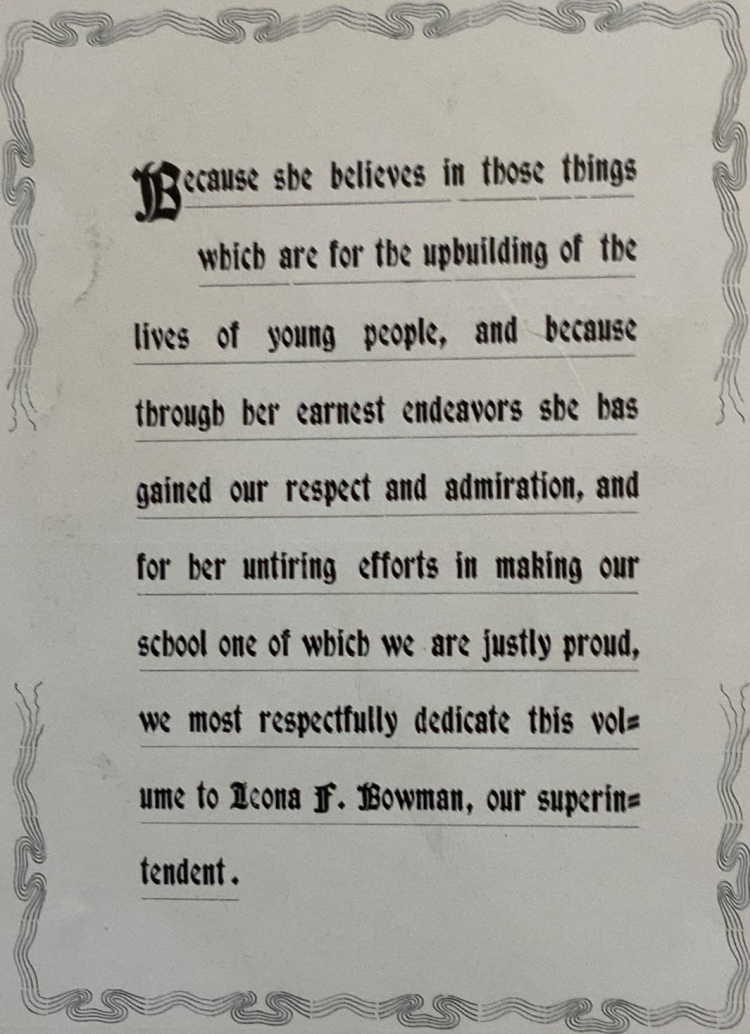
1914
THE NEWS-TIMES
MAROA, ILL.



The High School's Dream



Maroa Public School



Because she believes in those things
which are for the upbuilding of the
lives of young people, and because
through her earnest endeavors she has
gained our respect and admiration, and
for her untiring efforts in making our
school one of which we are justly proud,
we most respectfully dedicate this vol-
ume to Leona F. Bowman, our superin-
tendent.



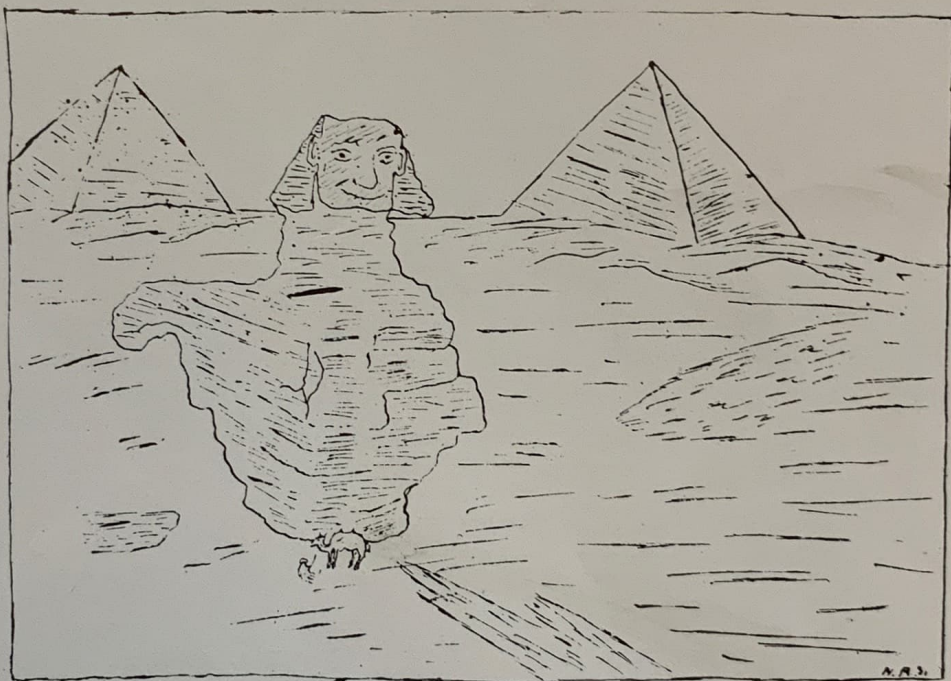
Miss Leona F. Bowman, Superintendent

Foreword

In offering this book to the public, we are giving something prepared entirely by the members of the Maroa High School. In this volume you may find that which does not appeal to you or that which you can criticize, but we ask you to give us fair criticism and be merciful with us, inasmuch as this is our first attempt.

And we have done our best.

ANNUAL STAFF.



FACULTY



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Effingham, Ill.

Graduate Effingham High School
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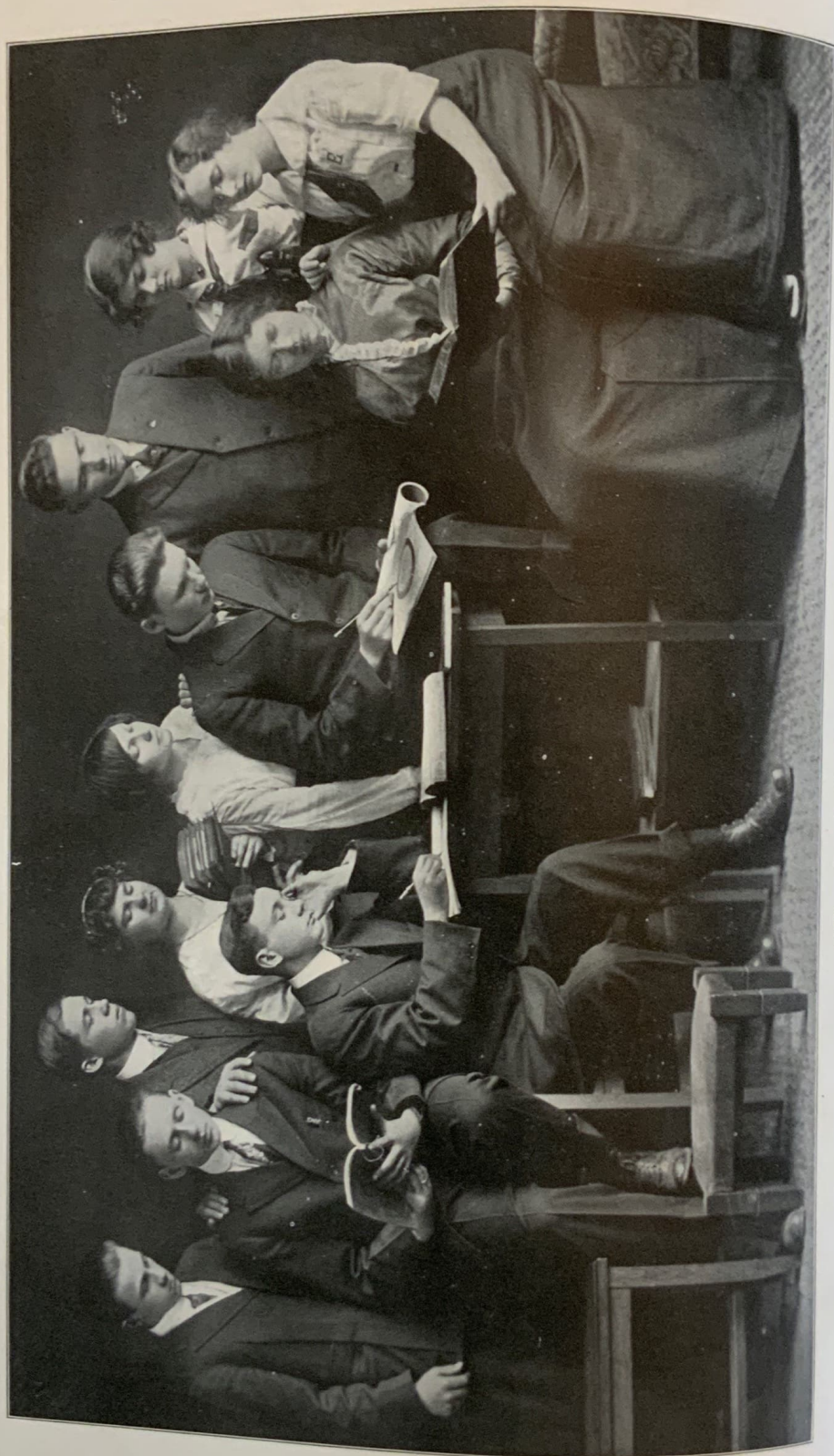
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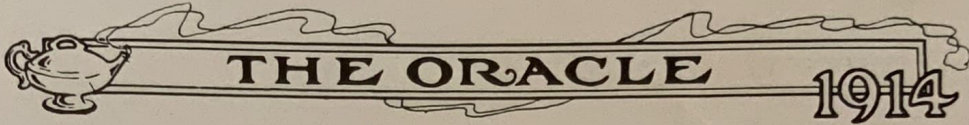
Graduate Kenney High School,
Bloomington College of Music, and
Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chi-
cago.

EDITORIAL STAFF





"The Oracle," Editorial Staff



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Business Manager,
Mark D. Brown.

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Prophecy,
Roy T. Prather.

Athletic Editor,
Otto K. Beckhart.

Subscriptions,
William Miller.



Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public
Instruction





ADAMS, RUTH V.

"Peggy"—shy.

"As quiet as a nun is she."



BROWN, MARK DAVIS

"Stork"—musical.

"A noticeable young man with twinkling brown eyes."



FORT, VERNA BETHEL

"Honey"—business like.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."



GRADY, ELLA GERTRUDE

"Eli"—seraphic.

"Of me you may write in the blackest of ink,

I say what I mean, and I know what I think."

WASSON
DECATUR.



GRAY, OTTO BENTON

"Professor"—sedate.

"I never crib, I never smoke, nor do
I ever swear."



MALONE, RUTH MARIE

"Squeedunk"—undecided.

"The good die young. My! I must
take good care of myself."



MILLER, WILLIAM JENNINGS

"Bill"—magnanimous.

"The brilliant dark eye
May in triumph let fall
All its darts without caring who
feels 'em."



MARTINIE, EVA LOUISE

"Teenie"—lovable.

"O sweet and gentle grace and unas-
suming mien."

WASSON
DECATUR.



PRATHER, ROY TRUMAN

"Prath"—merry.

"A merry heart doeth good like
medicine."



SIGLER, JOHN EARL

"Sigurd"—oratorical.

"Some are and must be greater than
the rest."



STOUTENBOROUGH, HELEN

"Peg"—effervescent.

"It is hard to be in love and be wise."



SHIPLEY, ELLEN LUCILE

"Pippy"—meritorious.

"How pleasant it is at the close no
follies to have to repent."

WASSON
DECATUR.



STALLINGS, LILLIAN VERL

"Fussy"—dimply.

"Pray heaven, I may soon get my
John."



SHIELDS, ESTER EVELYN

"Tom"—pedagogic.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."



STOUTENBOROUGH,

ANTHONY JAMES

"Antonio"—kinky.

"A happy youth with a happy
smile."



WIKOFF, FLEETA IMOGENE

"Topsy"—modest.

"Her voice was very soft, gentle and
low."

WASSON
DECATUR.

Senior Class History

We started in as Freshmen,
In September, nineteen ten,
We thought that we knew everything,
And that nothing was beyond our ken.

Mrs. Gibson, History teacher,
Was sharper than a tack;
And Miss Conover in English
Would have no answering back.

Mr. McLeod was superintendent,
And was a single man then;
Miss Jencks, who taught us Algebra,
Was skillful with her pen.

Floss Brown left us and our music class
And was married in nineteen eleven;
Miss Bessie followed her wise example,
And Mr. McLeod, too, sought his Heaven.

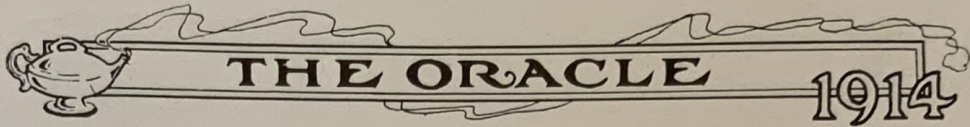
We were twenty-five as Freshies,
But we didn't keep that number long;
Six of our mates soon left us,
Because they thought work no wrong.

Rollie Fenton married in fourteen;
Rollie Hitt runs a dairy;
Roscoe worked at the restaurant,
And a bride of thirteen was Mary.

Ernest Mitchell married in nineteen twelve,
And is now proud to be called dad;
Bain Stonebraker married in thirteen,
And he's also a happy dad.

Four more came in nineteen 'leven;
And as Sophs we numbered twenty-three;
Then we began to study hard
With hearts and minds that were free.

Bessie Watts, the preacher's daughter;
Velma Wikoff, filled with joy;
Helen Stoutenborough, with a long name;
And Elmer Liming, the happy boy.



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Mr. McLeod stayed with us,
But Miss Bowman for Geometry came;
Miss Moore for English work;
Miss Watson as singer has won her fame.

Ruth Malone and Ruth Adams,
Roy Prather and Otto Gray,
All came in as Juniors,
But ten others went away.

Bernard is now in Chicago;
Ruth at Frances Shimer;
Elmer at St. Benedict, Iowa;
Emma's at home, an old-timer.

Bessie married in thirteen,
And now lives on the farm.
Rollie Keatts and George Stoutenborough
At Millikin do no harm.

Will wasn't satisfied here,
Neither were John and Lynn;
So they, too, left us,
For business college, not for Millikin.

Mr. Perrott became professor.
Miss Moore in twelve was married;
Miss Mitchell took her honored place,
And with us five months she tarried.

Will soon got tired of Decatur,
So he came back as you have seen,
And now our valiant senior class
Numbers proudly just sixteen.

Miss Bowman succeeded Mr. Perrott;
Miss Reller took Miss Mitchell's place;
Mr. Mitchell is now our principal;
Miss Watson's glee club leads the race.

Our teachers all were interested
In each and every one,
And if all of us had studied,
We could have had work and fun.

Our motto is, "On Life's Highway."
I hope that all will succeed
To a high and noble life,
By every good and perfect deed.



Senior Alphabet

- A—is for Adams, the maid so meek,
Came from the country, with heart so weak.
- B—is for Brown, the big tall boy,
Jumped for a "Sunbeam" and found much joy.
- C—is for Courage of which one has need
To pass the exams and in school to succeed.
- D—is for Daniel, our History teacher fair,
Sets a splendid example and feeds us hot air.
- E—is for Ester and Eva and Earl,
Who succeed in keeping us all in a whirl.
- F—is for Fleeta, the maid so fair;
Such maids from the country surely are rare.
- G—is for Grady, the pretty maid
Who all last summer sat in the shade.
- H—is for Helen, whom John so well likes,
After school is out to the bakery hikes.
- I—is for Industry, which we all know
Is one of the things that make the world go.
- J—is for Justice, Jollity and Jest,
Which are in abundance in M. H. S.
- K—is for Knowledge, for which we all stand,
And claim M. H. S. the best in the land.
- L—is for Lucile, our valedictorian is she,
Studied hard and thus won her way to victory.



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M—is for Miller, our funmaker they say,
Just couldn't be good one single day.

N—is for Normal, so fine, you know,
For all the young teachers of Maroa to go.

O—is for Otto, the farmer boy from the west,
Worked hard and of all the boys was the best.

P—is for Prather, whose heart is for Ruth;
We are sure of all this and have good proof.

Q—is for Quizzes we all have to take,
Always no matter what grades we make.

R—is for Ruth; although she's quite small,
She has a large heart and that's nothing at all.

S—is for Stoutenborough, the one so fair,
Has big brown eyes and such curly hair.

U—is for University, where we'll all go next year,
For Miss Reller says it's a place of good cheer.

V—is for Verna and Verl, who they say
Are to be prim school ma'ams we hope some day.

W—is for Wikoff, who we all know
Comes from the country and in studies is slow.



Senior Class Poem

We Seniors, so solemn and dignified,
With all our might and courage tried
To outdo the Seniors of other years,
And leave nothing behind us but sunshine and cheers.

A brief description I'll give to you
Of each of the Seniors and teachers, too;
A brilliant class of worldly fame,
That has brought to M. H. S. a mighty name.

First comes William Miller, the fun of the class,
If her name is Ruth, then any lass;
And Verna Fort so mild and fair,
And every two weeks she combs her hair.

Next Eva Martinie, so honored and blest,
The president of us, above all the rest.
And Roy Prather, who is gallant and tall,
Gave the Physics class chewing gum every day last fall.

Then Lucile Shipley, the best girl in school,
But when the teacher's not looking she will break a rule.
After this comes Earl Sigler, who surely likes to be boss,
And if you get ahead of him, he is most awfully cross.

Ruth Adams, a shy little saint,
Got scared one day and couldn't help but faint.
Our "Silas Marner" is Otto Gray,
All girls look alike to him, no matter what they say.

Mark Brown, tall, lank and lean,
Our bass singer, the best ever seen;
Then Esther Shields, the old maid, so they say,
But it's "All a Mistake," as was shown in the play.

Helen Stoutenborough so musical, you know,
Every time she laughs sings the scale from do to do.
Also Anthony, with such a long name,
But he always gets there just the same.



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And Ruth Malone, who lives in the country so far,
'Most every night the poor child misses her car (?).
After this comes Ella Grady so gentle and sweet,
But for Roscoe I think they say she stung Pete.

And Verl Stallings, who once giggled in school—
Was told it was very unladylike and against the rule;
And last but not least, Fleeta Wikoff so still,
Was taken home one night much against her will.

Next is the faculty, so stately and grand;
Say we are the best Seniors in all the land.
Some say they don't mean it, but we know it is true,
For haven't we done everything that our teachers told
us to do?

Miss Bowman is the head of the school,
And to the office you go if you break a rule;
But that's only a small matter—so goes the song—
For the rubber hose is just a foot and a half long.

Miss Reller, with eyes so snappy and small,
Is not very large and not very tall,
But she can see you just the same,
And it makes no difference what is your game.

Last, Mr. Mitchell, the lone bachelor of Maroa High,
Has a wide smile, but has been known to sigh.
"This is a funny old world," he will often say.
We don't know why he says it, unless he gets mighty
poor pay.



Senior Class Prophecy

After remaining in Purgatory something like twenty years to cleanse my record of earthly sins, I finally reached the "Pearly Gates" of that "Celestial City" to which after some doubt I was admitted. And here my curiosity (so natural on earth) got the best of me. So I plucked up courage and asked St. Peter to allow me to look at the celestial record and see how my classmates had fared in the world below. Reluctantly he consented, saying as he did so, "You'll not find it all sunshine."


Glancing down the record, which was in alphabetical form, I saw the name of Ruth Adams, who had been so shy and modest in Maroa High School, and that one day in 1914 she had come to English History class without her lesson. She was recorded as having come to Latin III with the translation written out in her book. Worst of all, she had given up the idea of teaching school and had gone to Utah and become a Mormon, and had married Cyrus Young, who already had twelve wives. But Ruth has outlived them all and is still living—chief boss of Mr. Young.

Next was found the name, Mark Brown, marked with a heavy dark line, and I asked St. Peter to explain the meaning of the line. "Ah!" he said, "I always put that under those for whom we have no hopes. Read on, please." And I found that Mark had married a splendid young lady of the Senior class, but had left her two years later for a girl in the country named Eva ——. Afterwards he had deserted her and run on the Progressive ticket for poundmaster. Now he works for the Maroa Mutual Telephone Co.

Verna Fort appeared next on the list. Her sins were: Failure to be valedictorian of her class, and in 1915 elopement with a Mr. Malone to parts unknown. They had later turned up in Australia selling patent medicines, such as corn and bunion cures, and now they have the largest trade in the world, for they have ninety million patients in the United States alone.

Then came Ella Grady, and the record showed that she had been sent to Purgatory for a few years for the redemption of her soul because she had kept two young men (Wakefield and Stoutenborough) on the edge of a nervous prostration for two years and then fooled them by marrying a Bernard Mc——.

After her name came Otto B. Gray, who had become a professor in the Illinois Agricultural College, but had lost his position because he had built a silo and it had fallen down. Also his thesis on "The Permanency of Illinois Soil" was too deep for comprehension by the



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weak minds of the twentieth century. But his worst sin was in marrying Helen Stoutenborough, who makes Otto an ideal wife. And Helen said she hated to give up John, but after he had married another, she only had one course—hence Mrs. Otto B. Gray. Now Otto is janitor of Maroa High School.

Ruth Malone taught school until she lost most of her teeth and couldn't talk very plainly, and now has become a public lecturer and gives such lectures as, "Who Shall Be King—Husband or Wife?" Of course, she's an old maid, but she "does have" some rather good ideas of the subject.

Eva Martinie, president of her class in 1914, committed the following sins: Stuck the Senior in front of her with pins; also wrote notes; tore them up and put them in the roast box. After her term as president expired she played the piano in Powers' Grand Opera, and now she is a wholesale milliner in Emery.

The record ran on that William Miller, with another Senior, stole the teacher's German sentences, also spilled ink on the floor of the eighth grade room. Later he stole a heart belonging to Ruth C—and now William is manager of the Cupid association in Maroa.

Ester Shields, our "Sunbeam," came next. She tried school teaching and dissatisfaction with that profession caused her to do the unusual with old maid school marms—she married! She didn't realize that she was "jumping from the frying pan into the fire." Alas! for Ester. Her married life was a "disaster" and now she is mistress of a poultry farm down in Alabam'.

When St. Peter's finger came across the name of Lucile Shipley, his brow darkened. "Such a disappointment," he muttered to himself. "As valedictorian of her class, we expected most wonderful things of her, but it seems that after she left the benign influence of M. H. S. her number of sins increased and the final blow came when she was caught stealing apples on a dark and stormy night in J. H. Parker's orchard. Now she has been relegated to the lower world to shovel coal for the fiery furnace."

"Hasten on quickly, St. Peter, for I am so anxious to hear what has become of our long lost editor-in-chief, Earl Sigler, to whom we were always accustomed to give first place in all things. I suppose he has become a veritable Jupiter by this time—King of the Gods." "Hold on, you are muchly mistaken there. For a time it seemed as if he would be an E. H. Sothern, but while playing the part of 'Shylock' in 'The Merchant of Venice' he became involved in a 'pound of flesh' affair and as a result he was condemned to death for threat to kill, the prosecuting attorney being Verl Stallings, who won much fame in this case. Earl was shot to death at sunrise. And now his spirit wanders in Purgatory looking for material for a year book to be designated "The Plutonian."

Then came the names of Anthony Stoutenborough and Fleeta Wikoff surrounded by parentheses. "Why thus?" I asked St. Peter. "Oh, they married and went as missionaries to Utopia, but a few years later they changed their minds and now Anthony writes stories for ten-cent magazines. And his devoted wife encourages him in his good work."

Slowly and sadly St. Peter closed the "Golden Record," saying as he did so, "Too bad for such a splendid class to have so many failures, and of them all you are the worst." Then, oh! then it was I thanked my stars that at least I had managed to creep into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Senior Class Yell

PINK!

WHITE!

STRONG!

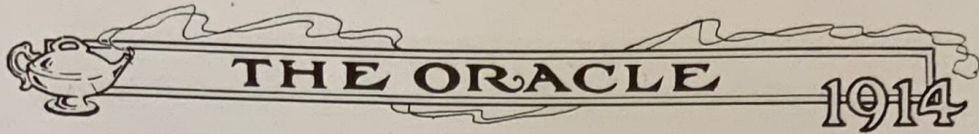
RIGHT!

We are, we are SENIORS;

Zip! Zah! Zeen! Nineteen-Fourteen!

Zip! Zah! Zeen! Nineteen-Fourteen!





Senior Class Song

(Tune: "The Good Old U. S. A.").

1-9-1-4 Seniors,

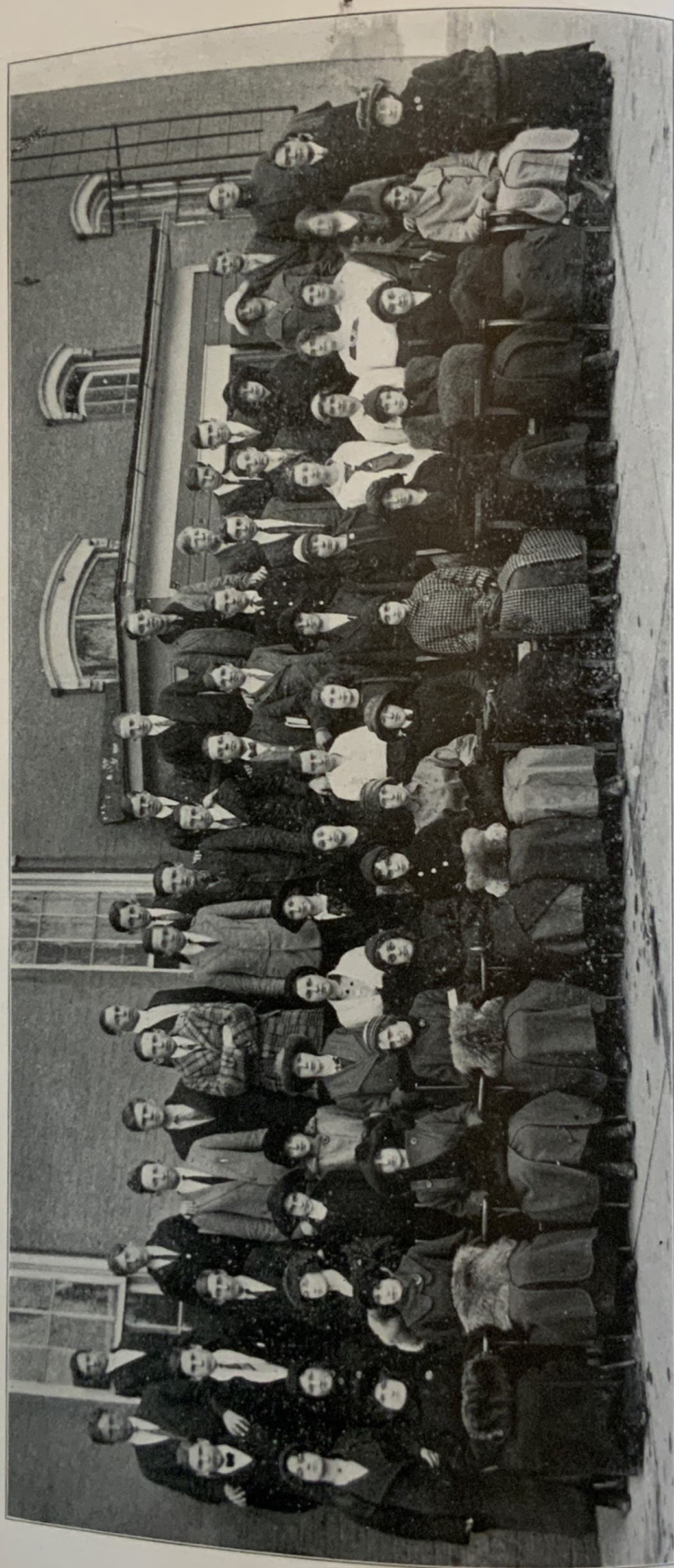
Just seventeen in our crowd;
We're a class that stands for learning,
Which makes each one justly proud.
Listen, now we'll tell you
In the tune we love so well,
It's the song of dear old M. H. S.,
And be sure we'll always tell.

1-9-1-4 Seniors,

Now our dear school days are o'er,
But their visions linger with us,
And they will forevermore.
The years may come and go,
Bright will seem through memory's haze
All the glad and happy times we've known
In the happy by-gone days.

CHORUS—

Makes no difference where we wander,
Far away from friends so dear,
We shall cherish fondest memories
Of the scenes enacted here.
When they ask our alma mater,
They'll not have to stop and guess,
For we'll speak right up—be proud to say—
'Tis dear old M. H. S.



High School Department

JUNIORS





Junior Class

Top row (left to right): Ruth Shields, Minnie Tozer, Helen Crum.
Bottom row: Helen Buck, Otto Beckhart, Marie Brown, Jennie Vaughn.

Junior Class History

On the ninth day of that immortal month of September, 1911, fifteen verdant Freshmen wended their way up the narrow but straight path which leads to Fame and Knowledge. After we had become lost several times, a Senior was kind enough to direct us to the assembly room (the sight of which took our breath), where we were met by a faculty of three instructors who were very delighted to see such a large bunch of intelligent-looking students.

Well, somehow we managed to keep up courage and spirit enough to live the entire year. After a dark year vacation days approached with all their wonderful pleasure. But alas! when vacation was over only eight of the "honorable fifteen" returned to the pleasant task of another year's study. The missing seven thought the course was too hard and the world too bright, so——? But the remaining eight of us set about the difficult task of keeping up the good name of Sophomores. But such was not to be, for one of our classmates after a slight misunderstanding (Sophomores all understand what) with one of the instructors, decided school life was not a path of roses, so he also departed, leaving us to say, "We are seven."

Now for the third time our class met in the assembly room and this time as Juniors. Seven we were with brilliant hopes of a great, happy future. All went smoothly until one of the fairer sex decided "Home, Sweet Home and Homer" were the best things in this world. So after two weeks at home she decided to retire as a member of our Junior class, but nevertheless we are still seven, for one of the Seniors joined us later. But we believe in the old proverb, "Survival of the Fittest," so we are looking forward to the year of 1915, when we shall have the intense pleasure of being "Seven Dignified Seniors."

So seven Seniors we stand just the same,
Seven great pillars in the noble hall of Fame;
And may He above have mercy on us
And uphold M. H. S. with honor and trust.

We are—

OTTO BECKHART,
HELEN BUCK,
MARIE BROWN,
HELEN CRUM,
RUTH SHIELDS,
JENNIE VAUGHN,
MINNIE TOZER.

Junior Class Prophecy

Seated at the right hand of St. Peter, the keeper of the gate of Heaven, discussing the various applicants for admission to "the happy hunting grounds," we were startled by a very determined knock at the gate.

"Saint Peter, let me in at once; I have had a long and tiresome journey and I want my white robe and wings and harp so that I may take my place with the angels."

"Not so fast," answered St. Peter, jangling his keys. "I must get my record and see what sins you have committed upon earth."

By this time I could just get a glimpse of the applicant and by her stern, blue eyes and commanding voice I recognized the girl, who was one Ruth Shields, our star Latin translator.


"Oh!" said St. Peter thoughtfully, "I see that in 1914 you stole Rachel Crum's pencil in English III and IV class; you allowed one of the Senior boys to put his arm around you in the hall of the High School. That would have been all right if you hadn't allowed yourself to be seen by the innocent eighth graders. Then in 1915, after your graduation, you married one who expected you to become a model housewife; instead you became a militant suffragette, giving long discourses on cracker boxes and feeding your poor husband cucumbers and tin-can sardines. We have made it a rule that no suffragette may enter, so I fear, my dear madam, that you will have to seek elsewhere for your robe and wings."

"Oh, good St. Peter! please let her in; she belongs to the class of 1915 and I am eagerly seeking for information concerning my classmates," I interrupted.

St. Peter paused thoughtfully for a few moments and then without saying a word he opened the great gates and let her in.

Ruth, being very thankful to me for speaking in her favor, said she would tell us about all the others. After surveying her new quarters, she began:

"While Emeline Pankhurst and I were traveling in the wilds of Egypt trying to induce the Egyptian ladies to change their veils and flowing robes for the more masculine attire of suffragettes, I came up on a crowd of barbarians listening to a foreign missionary, who seemed strangely familiar. By his "dirty shirt necktie" (the same that he used to wear) I thought I recognized Otto Beckhart. His beard had grown long, for Egyptians have no safety razors, but his eyes were as



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kindly as ever. And when he raised his 'orbs' in final prayer, I knew that it was our long lost Captain Beck.

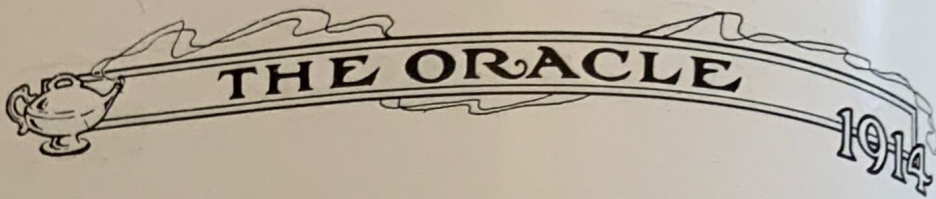
"When I returned from Egypt I went to Washington to plead for the suffragettes. While waiting the President's appearance a grand lady swept into the room, and as she turned I recognized the sunny smile of another classmate, Minnie Tozer, who was then the first lady of the land and the wife of President Charles Clark.

"One day as I was dining in the Mt. Alpine Hotel in New York City, I heard two waiters discussing their domestic afflictions. One exclaimed, 'That new cook from Maroa can't even fry steak' Immediately I turned and asked of whom they were speaking and was told that Marie Brown, the proud graduate of 1915, was now a cook."

Upon further inquiry from St. Peter and myself, the newly-made saint informed us that Helen Buck had now grown tall, was the traveling companion of Madam Lazelle, and at that time was taking a grand trip to Clinton; and that Helen Crum was training the little Chinese children in Peking, China, to be future pupils of M. H. S.

All three of us said we hoped that some day the two foreign missionaries would chance to find each other and decide to join hearts and hands and together journey through life.





Junior Class Poem

“We Are Seven.”

Here's to the class of 1915—
Six jolly lassies and one forlorn lad,
As bright a class as ever was seen
Running or jumping on the campus green.

What do we care if our class is small
And the finger of scorn is pointed by all.
The Seniors for vanity can't be beat,
But the Juniors will get there without cold feet.

Jennie Vaughn in Latin is fine
And with her lesson always on time,
Unless perchance by a “Webb” is caught,
And then her lessons stand for naught.

What is to be done with Marie Brown
When her favorite Earl's no longer in town?
She'll probably mourn and look for another,
For of course to her it will be no bother.

Our mischief maker is Otto B.,
Who wears pink socks and is fond of tea.
And now as he's our only man,
All the girls will for him stand.

Then Minnie Tozer, whom we now claim,
For all her mischief is not to blame;
Her black eyes flash both fire and fun,
And she's the friend of a Clinton man's son.

Helen Buck, who's fickle of heart,
In the Junior class plays her part;
She's always hated history blue
And longed for the time when she'd be through.

Ruth Shields, who's Irish, you know,
Has kindly eyes of blue;
She loves to watch the fall of snow
And dream of one whose heart is true.



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Miss Watson, our vocal teacher,
Is greater than a preacher.
I'd rather hear her sing a solo
Than dine with Pete at Wollo.

Fellow students, we've only one more year
To spend together in pleasure here;
We'll work for M. H. S. with might
And uphold the honor of the red and white.

Seniors, our closest friends here,
You will soon depart and leave us
To reign next year in your place,
Which we hope to take with rightful grace.

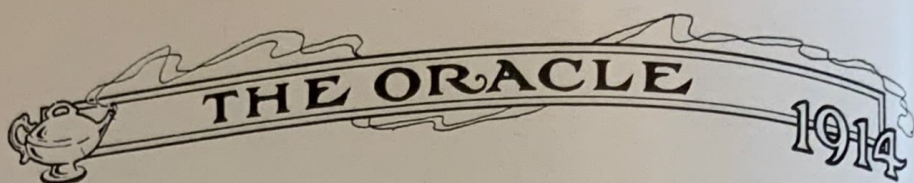
You will be out in the wide, wide world,
All tossed about in the madding whirl,
And while we all are gathered here,
I wish you God speed with right good cheer.

Where's Ethel Bennett, the dark young maid,
Who sat with me when our maps we made?
She's left us and is sadly missed,
But will soon be happy in her wedded bliss.

Miss Bowman, our superintendent,
In wisdom sure is splendid;
She's been with us for nearly three terms,
And without her school would surely adjourn.

Ah! and then the principal,
Whose name is Mr. Mitchell;
He's always very pleasant and just
And with no one ever likes to fuss.

Three cheers for Erna Reller,
For no one can outspell her;
She's young, good-looking and very wise,
Has light hair and dark brown eyes.



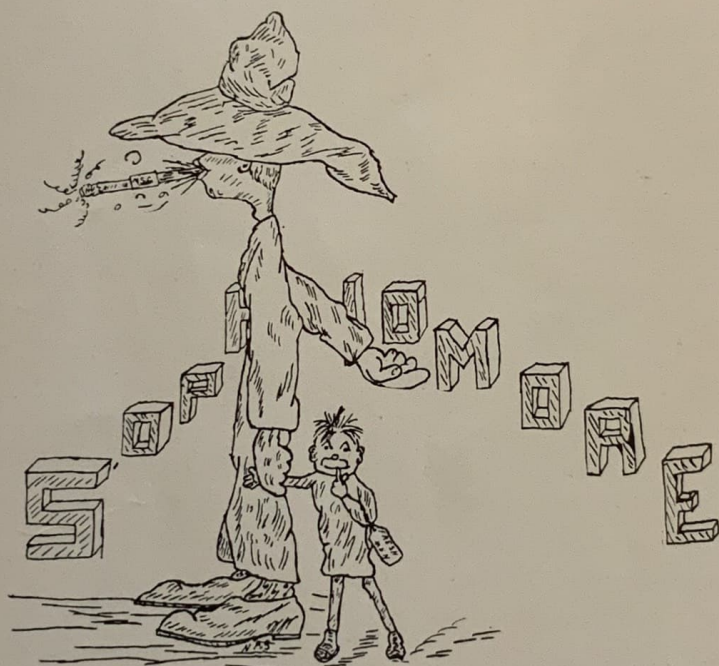
Botanizing

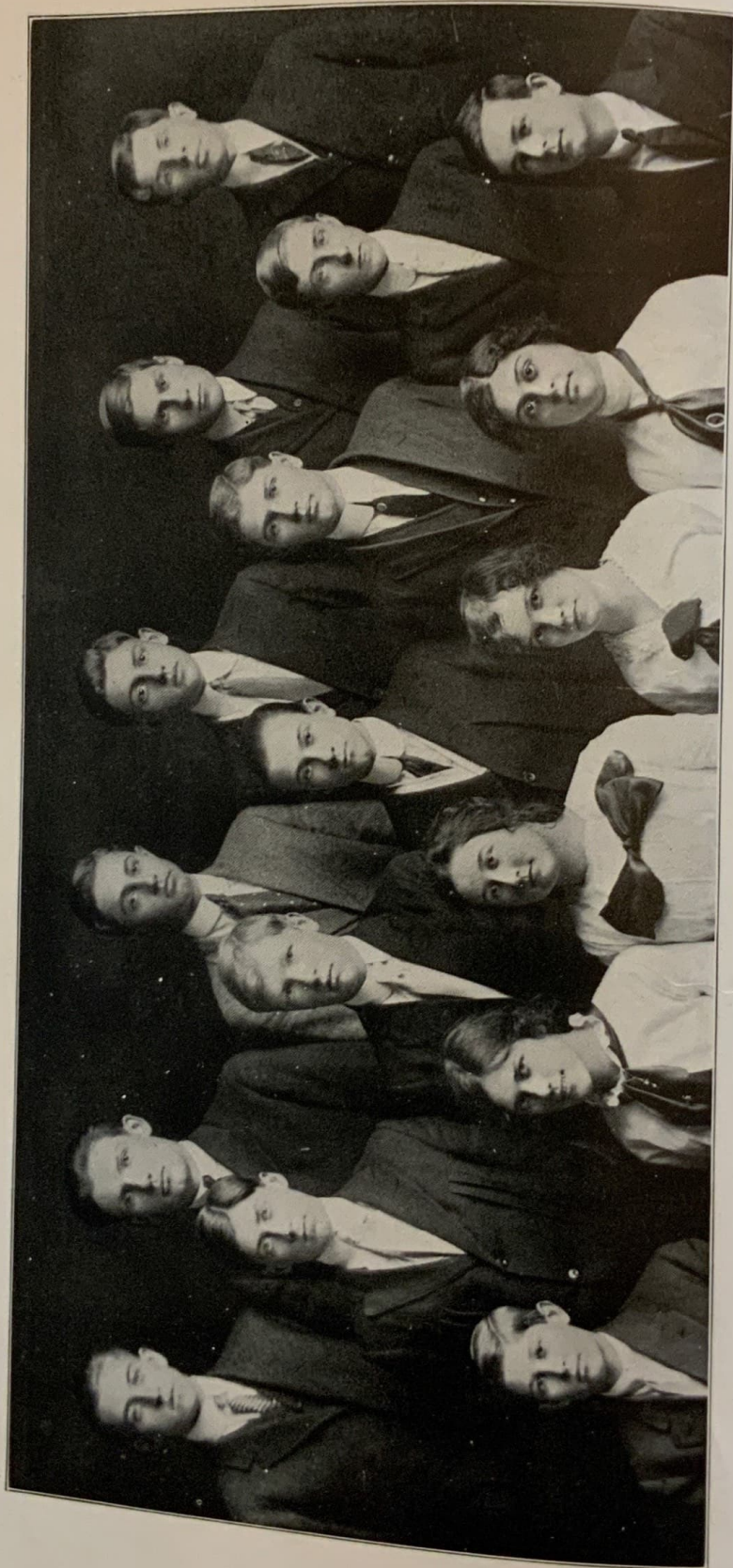
Miss Bowman with her Botany class went to Salt creek Wednesday afternoon, April 15th, 1914, on the 2:46 car to gather flowers. Several fine specimens were found.

About twenty-five other High School pupils and teachers went to Craig on the 4:46 car. Some of us were fortunate enough to get an automobile ride from Craig to the creek, but the remaining few had to walk.

When we got to the creek and found a suitable place, the boys built a bonfire. Then came the fun of roasting wieners. After supper several took short walks and when they returned a game of run-sheep-run was played, after which we gathered around the fire and sang High School songs.

About 8 o'clock we started for the car, and when the 8:25 car came we all boarded it and went to Clinton, and returned home on the 8:32.





Sophomore Class

Top row (left to right): Willard Jump, Nelson Smith, Harold Stoutenborough,
John Crocker, Bernard Keatts, Cordell Bolen.

Middle row: Walter Foster, William Heil, Roscoe Wakefield, Ralph Evey, Stanley Creamer,

Bottom row: Clark Fort, Gwendoline Hedger, Velma Grady, Joan Crocker, Della Miller, Maurice Partelow.

Sophomore Poem

Oh, here is the learned Sophomore class,
Who used to be Freshmen green as grass;
The Sophs are wiser now, I surmise,
For sophomore surely means wise.

Black and gold are our colors for others to fear,
Our flower blue violet, to us very dear—
The symbol that Sophs are always true blue
And always to others the right thing we do.

Our motto, "Ich Kan," is very suggestive;
To do many things it makes us quite restive,
But I'm sure the Sophs will turn out so fine
That large footprints they'll leave in the old sands of
time.

Of the girls in the class to tell it's no shame,
For beauty and giggles that is their fame;
In class they are very sagacious and wise—
They have lots of knowledge, if they are small in size.

Not only in studies are Sophomores wise,
They also receive another prize,
For in brawn as well as in brain
The Sophomores gain far-spread fame.

And now of our work justly proud are we,
The best class in high school, as you can see.
In attention and manners we surely excel,
For teachers and Freshies all speak of us well.

The Sophomore class has a good deal of fun;
The picnics and frolics they do not shun.
In class as well as out our frolics we have,
But this kind of fun makes the teachers all rave.

And there is our little goat, William, they say,
With the Sophomore class he is sure to stay;
The many enticings and coaxings he gets,
But to stay with the Sophs his appetite whets.

But when vacation time beckons with smiles,
We'll gladly welcome the change for a while;
For if we studied twelve months in the year,
I'm sure we all would change to Shakespeare.

Sophomore Class Prophecy

The good die young. Such was the misfortune that happened to me at the age of twenty-five. As I entered the gates of heaven, St. Peter, knowing my great love for the men, told me that I might ride with the man in the moon.

One day the man in the moon told me that if I would look below me, I would see my old schoolmates of the Sophomore class. The first thing that came to my view was a prize fight. I saw Willard Jump and Harold Stoutenborough walk boldly into the midst of the crowd, but didn't have time to see which was victorious.

Next I saw Gwendoline Hedger, not the school teacher as all supposed she would be, but a tango teacher in New York City.

As we passed over the city of Joliet where the state penitentiary was located, I descended to earth. Passing by the barred windows I saw a familiar face peeping around the bars, and lo and behold! it was Maurice, serving a life term for threatening the life of Daniel P. Mitchell.

Next that I saw was the sign of "Smith & Evey, Veterinary," in front of an old building in Maroa. I think it was part of the old High School which was still standing.

Now came lazy Cordell. He is still delivering laundry in Maroa, which is now the capital of the state. I saw him stop at a large castle with some laundry, so I decided I would come to earth and see who lived there. Looking at the door-plate, I saw the name, "Dr. William Heil." I was ushered into a very large room, with no furniture except a bed and chair and a cooking stove in one corner. Soon I was introduced to Mrs. Heil, who was formerly Miss Joan Crocker. She had a sad tale to tell me of how she finally, after much persuasion, took Willie, which made my heart throb with pity.

Alas! for the adversities of fate! Walter and Glenn are not famous professors, but own a "penny shop" in Chicago.

On a little farm of ten acres in Nebraska is poor old John, struggling hard to keep the wolf from his door and to provide a shelter for Marie.

I found Bernard Keatts a professor of German in the University of Illinois, and whose pupils are all very learned (?).

Now Roscoe, the boy with the dark, dreamy eyes, is no longer a hypnotist as he was in the Sophomore class, but has risen higher in mystic arts and is a magician and fortune-teller traveling over the



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country, assisted by Ella Grady—oh, no! for she has long since changed her name.

As I passed over Boston I recognized little Velma, trying to persuade her pupils to listen to her melodious voice, for she is now a famous vocal teacher.

One day, being on earth on a little business, I passed into a dime museum and for ten cents I was allowed to see the seven-foot giant. Oh, horrors! it was Clark Fort. No one knows how he has risen so much, but he receives a high salary.

Peeping down the chimney of old M. H. S., I saw Stanley Cramer—oh, I forgot!—Prof. Cramer, commanding Miss Bowman's place. The cause of this was Miss Bowman's elopement with some unknown man. (It was thought to be home talent).

Looking over the steamship reports in the papers, I saw the report of a fishing smack called "The Reller." It was in command of Daniel Palmer Mitchell. I afterwards found that the boat was named in memory of the captain's first wife. It is probably true.

Suddenly I felt myself rising and was soon by the side of the pearly gates once more.

Sophomore Yell

Boomalacka, Boomalacka, Bow-wow-wow,
Chingalacka, Chingalacka, Chow, Chow, Chow.
Hurrah, Hurrah, who are we?
Class of '16, can't you see?

Sophomore Alphabet

- A—is for Anybody whoever it may be,
For everyone added is just one more, see?
- B—is for Bolen, that big clumsy thing
Who flits through the air like a bird on the wing (?).
- C—is for Cramer, who a country boy is,
Whom nothing discourages, not even a “quiz.”
- D—is for Daniel, plodding away
With this motto, “While the sun shines, make hay.”
- E—is for Evey, who a storekeeper was,
Whose reasons in Geometry are only “becuz.”
- F—is for Foster, a porter they say,
And will probably be a professor some day.
- G—is for Gwendoline, our Geometry star;
She never bad grades makes the grade-book to mar.
- H—is for Heil, Billy the blonde;
He of the fair sex always was fond.
- I—is for Inverted, of which Maurice has said,
“It might perhaps hurt me, if I stood on my head.”
- J—is for Johnny, who sings “Sweet Marie,”
Who said to her, “Dearie, love only me.”
- K—is for Keatts, St. Patrick the Great,
Of whom it is said, “Oh my! such big ‘fate’ (feet).”
- L—is for Lunatic, Lazy and Lame;
We have not these qualities, but we have great fame.
- M—is for Maurice, of whom we all know—
And if you should meet him, you’d think, “My,
how slow!”



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N—is for Noisy, that's what we all are,
So build us a new schoolhouse, that'll sure stand
the jar.

O—is for Ostrich, which devours cans and nails;
It's against the law to send plumes thro' the mails.

P—is for Promotion, of which we're all sure;
Of our indolence Mitchell says there is no cure.

Q—is for quizzes, of which we have few,
So, standing for quizzes, is the lone letter Q.

R—is for Ratio in Geometry so hard,
As, this is to that as an inch to a yard.

S—is for Stoutenborough, so long and so thin,
But with his long legs in a race he can win.

T—is for Test Day, that which we dread,
For then we sure will have our titles read.

U—is for Umbrella, on a rainy day used,
And when it blows to pieces our English'll be
abused.

V—is for Velma, who never gets mad,
Refuses the boys with an "Oh, no, my lad."

W—is for Wakefield, the wizard so wierd,
But is not so magical as to be feared.

X—is for Xerxes, in history we read
To prepare to invade Greece required a "head."

Y—is for Yes, ma'am and Yes, sir, not "yep,"
For if you say that, you through school hours have
slept.





Board of Directors

"ORACLE"

- EARL SIGLER—Ye Big Noise of "Oracle."
MARK BROWN—Ye Business It.
NELSON SMITH—Ye Great Cartoonist.
OTTO BECKHART—Athletic Mutt.
WILLIAM MILLER—Ye Subscription Getter.
HELEN CRUM—Ye "Ikee" of Juniors.
ROSCOE WAKEFIELD—Big Chief of Sophomores.
MARIE VERNOR—Ye "High Priest" of Freshmen.
ESTHER SHIELDS—Society "Connoisseur."
EVA MARTINIE—Ye "Dramatic Fiend."
ROY PRATHER—Ye Foolish, Ignorant Scribe.

FRESHMEN





Freshman Class

Top row (left to right): Harold Glosser, Rosa Evey, Bernice Hilt, Mary Conover,
Pauline Cooper, Omar Stonebraker.

Middle row: Earl Bennett, Raymond McNattin, Beulah Nowlin, Mahala Querry, Marie Vernor, Keith Bolen.
Bottom row: Charles Clark, Nira Purdom, Leah Matthews, Margaret Redmon,
Mae Troster, Alberta Williams, Guy Fort.

Freshman Class History

On a bright sunny morning in September, 1913, Pauline Cooper, Mary Conover, Rosa Evey, Bernice Hilt, Lela Matthews, Beulah Nowlin, Nira Purdom, Mahala Querry, Margaret Redmon, Mae Troster, Marie Verner, protected and guided by Rev. J. N. McDonald, Alberta Williams, Earl Bennett, Keith Bolen, Charles Clark, Guy Fort, Harold Glosser, Raymond McNattin and Omar Stonebraker, were enrolled in the Maroa High School as Freshmen.

After one month of hard study Nathaniel Andes decided he wanted to enter the Maroa High School.

The Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors were holding class meetings and we caught the fever and held a meeting, electing Raymond McNattin president, Mary Conover vice-president, Guy Fort secretary and Keith Bolen treasurer.

We all passed the examinations in History, Algebra, English and Physiology at the end of the first semester with a few leading stars.

We are now taking Physical Geography instead of Physiology. We have some excellent original story writers in our English class. Many of the stories were exhibited at the Farmers' Institute at Decatur and two of them, entitled, "Only a Mouse" and "A Race With Fire," won first and third prizes, respectively.

The glee club, in which the Freshmen are the best singers, sang at the Farmers' Institute Feb. 5th and Earl Bennett, the leading bass, sang too melodiously and strained his voice, which prevented his coming back to school any more.

Of course, at first, like all Freshies, we went blundering around to our class rooms, but now anyone not knowing the difference would take us for Seniors. We all expect to be Sophomores next year and we will make the Freshies look up to us as their superiors.

Freshman Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Ki, Ki, Ki,
Freshmen! Freshmen! do or die,
Rah! Rah! Rah! Keen, Keen, Keen,
Hurrah for the Class of 'Seventeen!

Freshman Alphabet

Perhaps it would interest you
To know who's in our class;
So in alphabetical order
I'll name each lad and lass.

A—is for Andes,
From the country he comes;

B—is for Bennett,
Who's good at his sums.

C—is for Charles,
Who sees all the fun;

D—is for Daniel,
Who makes them all run.

E—is for Evey,
Who favors the rose;

F—is for Fort,
An enemy to foes.

G—is for Glosser,
A poet of fame;

H—is for Hilt,
Bernice is her name.

I—is for Industry,
In which we excel;

J—is for Juniors,
Who do very well.

K—is for Keith,
And also for kick;

L—is for Lela,
Who looks very chic.



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M—is for Margaret,
Redmon's her name;

N—is for Nowlin,
An artist of fame.

O—is for Omar,
A skilful Stonebraker;

P—is for Purdom,
A reckless heartbreaker.

Q—is for Query,
Our historian great;

R—is for Raymond,
A composer of late.

S—is for Seniors,
Who finish this spring;

T—is for Troster,
Whose violin can sing.

U—is for Unity,
Which is our belief;

V—is for Vernor,
Our editor-in-chief.

W—is for Williams,
Who helps us to sing;

X—is for Xerxes,
Once Persia's king.

Y—is for Yell,
Which we give with a vim;

Z—is for "Zaminations,"
O'er which we will win.

P. S.—Oh, dear, the twins nearly slipped my mind,
Where one you see, the other you'll find;
For Pauline and Mary are never behind,
And it's far from their fault they are this time.



Freshman Class Poem

We all did pass from class to class,
This study loving Freshman class;
We started in the rooms below
To study things we did not know.

As on we passed from grade to grade,
There joined with us a bright young maid.
At first the work was new to her,
And she'd by leave with mates confer.

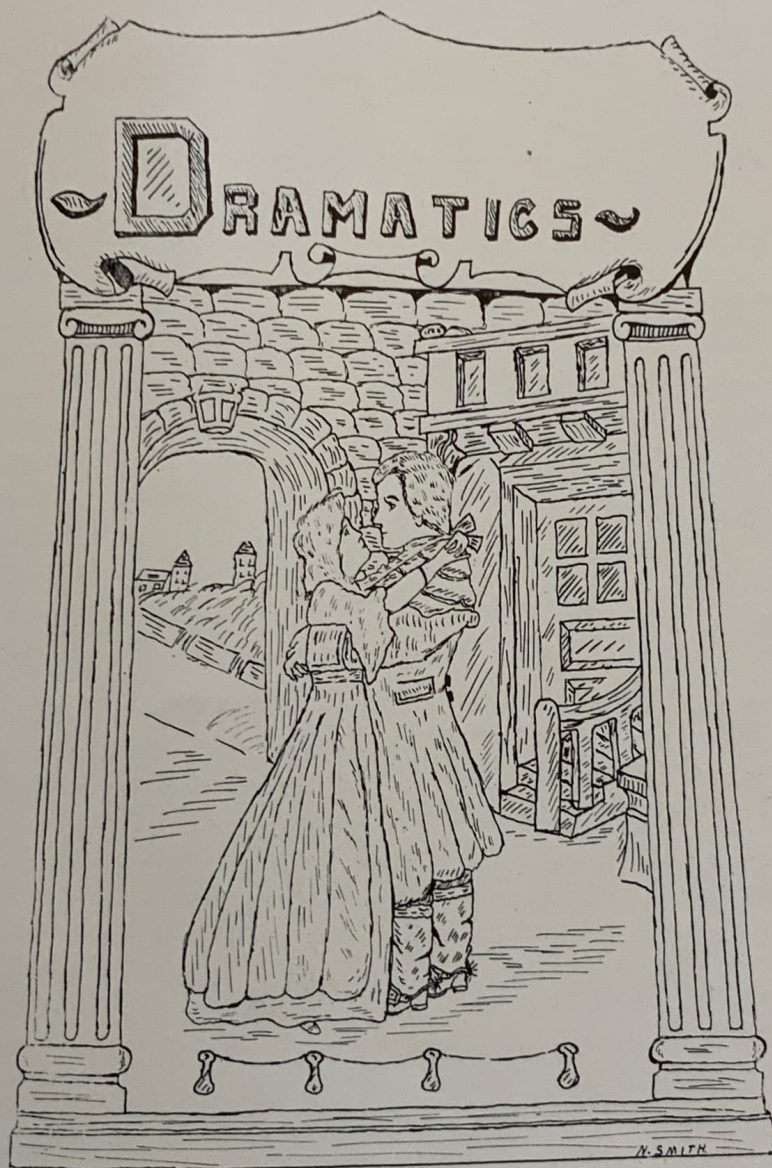
She joined with us from school afar
And soon became our class's star.
She did her work as though 'twere a joke,
While the rest of us would nearly croak.

As months and days kept passing by,
We finally entered Maroa High,
And on the first of September in nineteen-thirteen
We became the Freshman class containing nineteen.

When we were verdant Freshies made,
There entered our class a black-eyed maid.
She was always jolly and full of fun,
But when class time came her work was done.

The teachers they were good to us,
And with us seldom had a fuss.
They gave us all that was really due,
And we to them were equally true.

Our colors when Freshmen were white and blue;
White meant be pure and blue meant be true,
And when in life's struggles these Freshmen fight,
May they always remember the blue and white.





“A Modern Ananias”

A comedy in three acts. Music by orchestra. Book by J. A. Frazer. Presented by the Junior class Dec. 12, 1912.

Cast of Characters

Lysander Lyon, M. D.	Earl Sigler
Col. Lyon, Lysander's uncle	John Parker
Derby Dashwood, Lysander's classmate...	Otto Beckhart
Francisco, Lysander's valet	William Miller
Baby, Lysander's step-daughter	Bessie Watts
Nellie Goldengate, Col. Lyon's ward.....	Eva Martinie
Prudence Mayflower, Nellie's friend	Verl Stallings
Kittie, Baby's maid	Ester Shields

Synopsis: Lysander was in his infancy deserted by his mother and taken care of by a bachelor uncle who grew immensely rich in California. Lysander is made his uncle's heir and goes to Europe to study. He meets a rich widow, marries her and finds himself stepfather to a fleshy old maid. Meantime his uncle has become guardian of Nellie Goldengate and decides that his two wards should marry. Unknown to Lysander, uncle crosses the continent while Lysander is paying visit to America. Lysander meets Nell, but mistakes her for Prudence. In order to avoid a marriage with Nell, he invents a story to the effect that he is already married. He is forced to confess and Nell and the uncle forgive him.

The play was produced in Monticello and pleased a fair-sized audience.



Cast in "A Modern Ananias."



Cast in "All a Mistake"

“A Scrap of Paper”

A comic drama in three acts. Music by orchestra. Book by J. P. Simpson. Presented by Senior class.

Cast of Characters

Prosper Couramont	Earl Sigler
Baron De La Glaciere	Otto Beckhart
Brisemouche, landed proprietor and naturalist....	
.....	Clifford Bolen
Anatole, his ward	Fred R. Moore
Baptiste, servant	Charles Kinkaid
Francois, servant	William Miller
Louise De La Glaciere	Mona Wakefield
Mademoiselle Suzanne De Ruseville	Alma Harris
Matilda, sister to Louise	Della Miller
Mademoiselle Zenobia, sister to Brisemouche.....	
.....	Marie Martinie
Madame Dupont, housekeeper	Verna Fort

Mrs. W. L. Huff directed this play and it was a great success.

“All a Mistake”

A farce comedy in three acts. Music by orchestra. Book by W. C. Parker. Presented by the Junior class Jan. 23, 1914.

Cast of Characters

Capt. Obadiah Skinner, retired sea captain..	Roy Prather
George Richmond, Santiago hero	Otto Beckhart
Richard Hamilton, prosperous farmer	William Miller
Ferdinand Lighthead, a dude	Earl Sigler
Nellie Richmond, wife of George R.	Helen Crum
Nellie Huntington, a neighbor	Marie Brown
Cornelia Skinner, Obadiah's niece.....	Ester Shields
Nell McIntire, servant	Ruth Shields

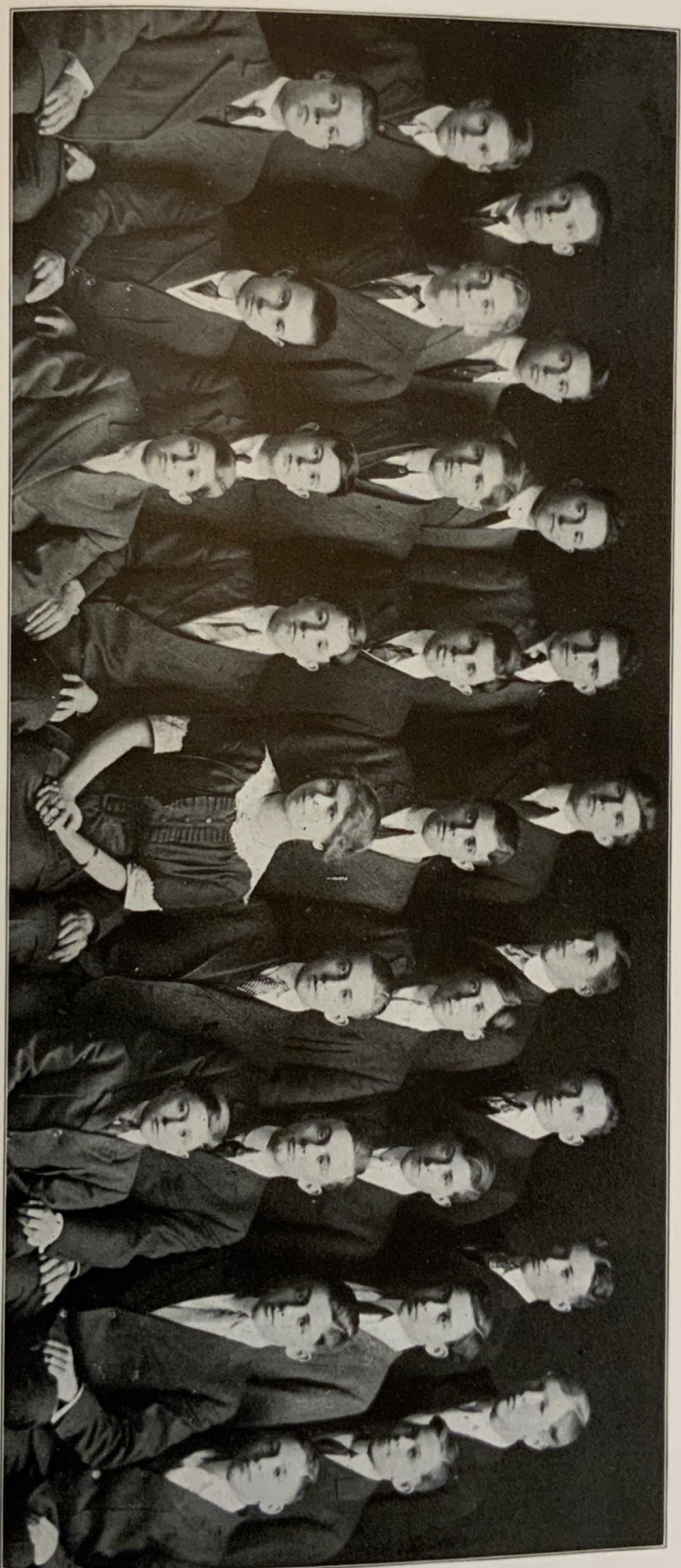
Synopsis: The play begins with a telegram of the death of George Richmond's uncle. Complications follow and all think they are in a lunatic asylum and each takes the other for a lunatic. The plan of Obadiah Skinner in choosing a wife for George is found to be “all a mistake.”

Under the direction of John E. Sigler, assisted by Daniel P. Mitchell and Miss Erna Reller. Many critics declare that this play was the best home-talent play ever given in Maroa.



Girls' Glee Club

Top row (left to right): Tozer, Matthews, Cooper, Conover, Hilt, Adams, Martinie, Stallings, Shields, Hedger, Evey.
 Middle row: Troster, Buck, Grady, Redmon, Nowlin, Shipley, Query, Shields, Grady, Brown, Purdom, Vaughn.
 Bottom row: Malone, Fort, Wikoff, Stoutenborough, Miller, Louise R. Watson, Crocker, Vernor, Crum, Williams.



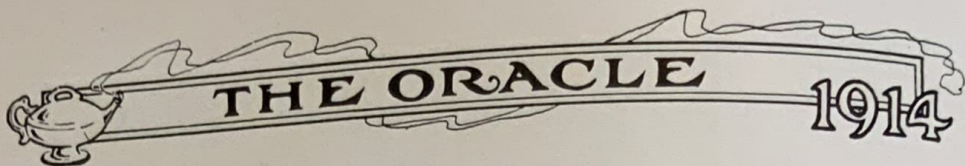
Boys' Glee Club

Top row (left to right): Smith, Stoutenborough, Stoutenborough, Prather, Wilkoff, Beckhart, Brown, Stonebraker, Heil.

Middle row: Keatts, Glosser, Evey, Bolen, Miller, Foster, Creamer, McNattin, Bennett.

Bottom row: Gray, Wakefield, Partelow, Bolen, Louise R. Watson, Jump, Sigler, Crocker, Clark.

Below: Fort, Fort.



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Maroa Chorus Makes a Hit.

(From the Decatur Review).

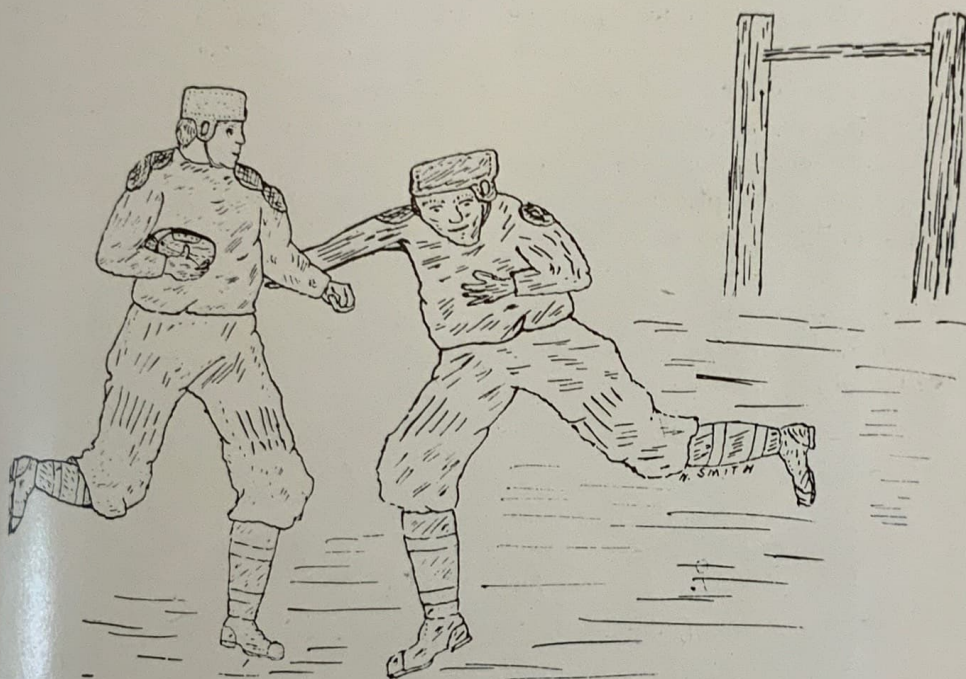
One of the musical hits of the Farmers' Institute was the singing of the Maroa high school chorus Thursday afternoon in the opera house. They got more applause than anybody and were called back twice. The first time they were on they sang well, but evidently were feeling the influence of being in a strange place and in a big house. Next time the applause had livened them up and they let their voices out with much more spirit and snap. Their faces were shining and they sang with spirit and vim that was much ahead of the first time. Their smiling faces showed their pleasure when they came on the third time. The chorus has been organized but a short time. Miss Louise Watson of Bloomington is the director. The young people were accompanied by Miss Bowman, principal of the schools, and Mrs. J. N. McDonald.

New Books.

1. Twice-Told Tales—Mr. Mitchell's Stories.
2. The Tempest—Junior Class Meeting.
3. Comedy of Errors—Substitute Teaching.
4. Prisoners of Hope—Juniors.
5. Les Miserables (Less Miserable)—Seniors.
6. Bought and Paid For—Credits of Last Quarter.

Teacher: "Maurice, was that you whispering?"
Maurice: "No, sir, I never talk in my sleep."

The Physics teacher said: "The Seniors certainly have a strong sense of humor, if they have no other."



ATHLETICS



Basket Ball Team

Top row (left to right): Stonebraker, Prather, Brown.
Bottom row: Miller, Beckhart, Foster.

The Waffle Supper

The Athletic Association of the Maroa High School gave a waffle supper on the evening of October 2d, 1913. The trustees were kind enough to donate the use of the basement of the Presbyterian church for the occasion.

The girls of the Senior and Junior classes began serving at 5 o'clock, the girls acting as waitresses, and a number of mothers and teachers assisting in the kitchen.

The entire town and much of the country had been solicited by a few of the Junior and Senior girls, so that the expenses were small. The association cleared \$25.

Verl Stallings: "The doctor said my illness was due to over-work."

Ruth Adams: "I heard him ask you to let him see your tongue."

Smoke consumer—Maurice P.

Gas plant—John Crocker.

Brass foundry—Will Miller.

Teacher: "Why is a Senior like a lighthouse?"

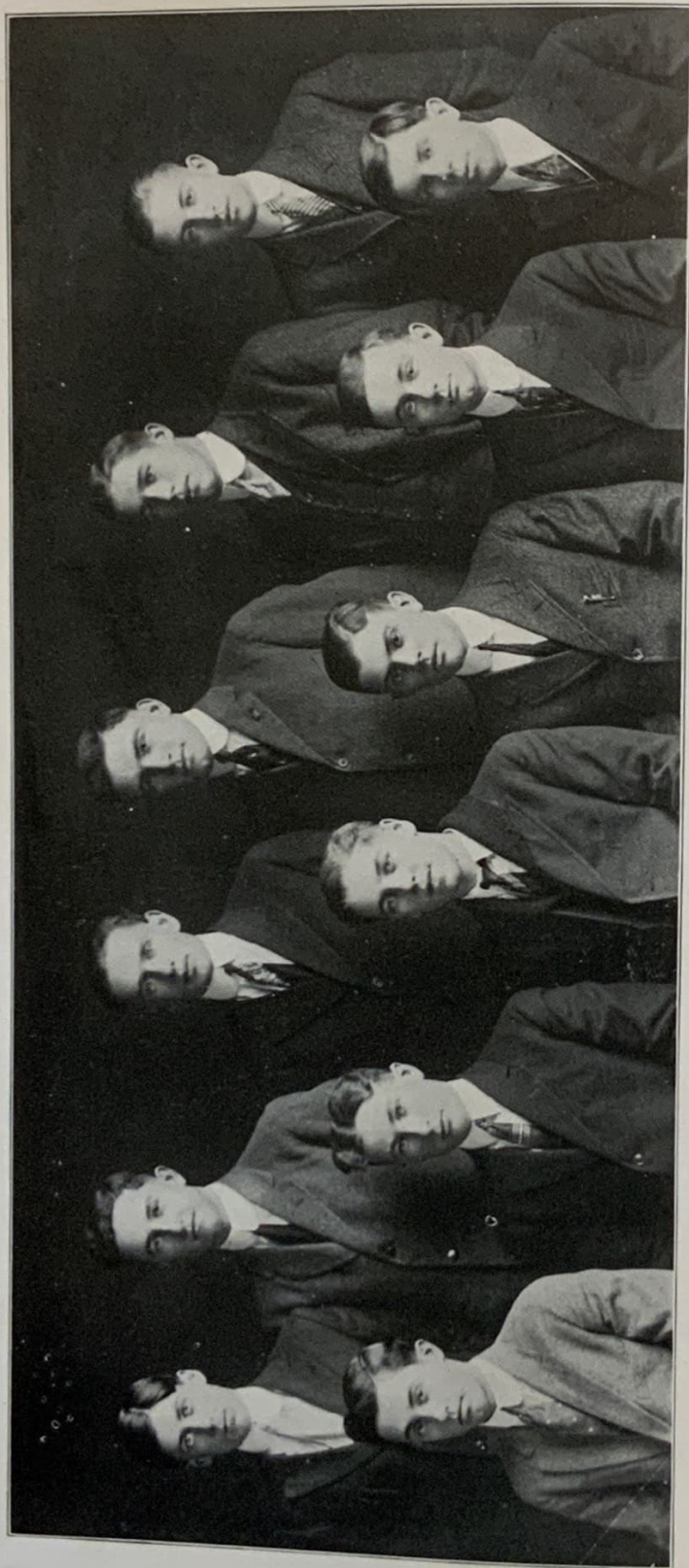
Junior: "He is often built on a bluff."

Physics teacher (holding up a pin about four inches long, which looked like a hat-pin): "Is this what you call a beauty pin?"

Teacher: "Get off where no one can see you, that's the place to chew gum."

The positive, comparative and superlative degrees of "getting on" in the world are:

"Get on, get honor, get honest."



Base Ball Team

Top row (left to right): Foster, Stoutenborough, Brown, Prather, Beckhart, Jump.
Bottom row: Stoutenborough, Stonebraker, Glosser, Miller, Sigler, Bolen.



Junior-Senior Reception

On the evening of April 18th, 1913, the Junior class gave the annual reception and banquet to the Seniors. It was held at the home of one of the Juniors, Ella Grady.

At 6 o'clock all the members of the two classes and the High School faculty were invited to the dining room, which had been decorated in pink and white, the Junior colors, to partake of the delicious four-course dinner which had been prepared by some of the mothers and a cateress from Clinton. The pink and white color-scheme was carried out in the dinner.

Toasts were given between courses.

THE MENU

First Course

Relishes and Wafers

Second Course

Turkey	Potatoes	Gravy	Dressing
Escalloped Oysters	Peas	Butter	Rolls
Deviled Eggs	Coffee	Gooseberry Jam	

Third Course

Salad	Saratoga Flakes	Radishes
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Fourth Course

Ice Cream	Angel Food Cake	Mints	Almonds
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Having done ample justice to the dinner, the crowd adjourned to the parlor, which had been decorated in the Senior colors of red and green, where a short program was rendered consisting of musical selections and readings. Piano music was furnished by Mrs. Nellie Davis Redmon. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games and contests, for which prizes were offered.

All departed at a late hour agreed that this social function was a great success.



Senior-Junior Reception

The Senior class of the Maroa High School entertained the Junior class at a reception and banquet May 6th, 1913, in the K. of P. hall. The hall was decorated in the Junior and Senior class colors. A four-course dinner was served by the mothers of the Seniors. Music was furnished by Miss Verna Wakefield.

The class day exercises were also given the same night, the program being as follows:

Class Poem	-	-	-	Fred Moore
Class History	-	-	-	Mona Wakefield
Class Will	-	-	-	Lovell Crum
Junior Prophecy	-	-	-	Alma Harris
Hatchet Oration	-	-	-	Clifford Bolen
Response	-	-	-	Earl Sigler

After this the time was spent in contests and games, for which prizes were awarded to the winners. All departed at a late hour deciding that the Seniors were excellent entertainers.

Junior-Senior Reception

On the evening of April 23d, 1914, the Junior class of the Maroa High School gave its farewell reception to the Senior class in the K. of P. hall. A fine three-course dinner was served at 7 o'clock. Bernard Keatts, Harold Stoutenborough, Willard Jump and John Crocker, dressed as darkies, served. Beautiful hand-painted place cards were used. After dinner a toast program was given, Otto Beckhart presiding as toastmaster. A reading was given by Miss Joan Crocker.

The remainder of the evening was spent in music, games and dancing.

The Senior class colors were used throughout. Souvenirs of pink roses were given.

The Wiener Roast

On the evening of September 20th, 1913, two big hay rack loads of Seniors and Juniors left Maroa about 5:30 o'clock for Salt creek. The purpose of this expedition was to enjoy a wiener roast on the verdant banks of the aforementioned stream. It was an ideal evening for such an enterprise—warm, moist winds from the south, and every indication of falling temperature. But the foregoing facts had no effect on the students in general.

Miss Reller, the English teacher, had promised to act as chaperone, but she was prevented from going, as she had a night class in German at the same time, and she gave her honored position to Mr. Mitchell, the History instructor.

Everything went well until about three miles north of Maroa, when Mr. Mitchell alighted from the first wagon to gather wild flowers for the young ladies. The team suddenly started and left the chaperone far in the rear. But by a clever sprint he soon came up to the wagon, and in his endeavor to climb up his foot slipped and he fell beneath the wagon. This discouraged him and so he waited for wagon No. 2.

At the town of Craig we stopped and secured a supply of candies and cookies. By the time we arrived at Salt creek it was 7 o'clock. A fire was built at once and then came the pleasure of roasting wieners. After an hour or so of this, telling tales, and playing games we began our journey homeward.

The first wagon got back about 10 o'clock, but the second didn't put in an appearance until almost an hour later, on account of a sick horse.

Alumni

The Maroa High School has always had its share of graduates, those who have completed the required courses and have gone on to spheres of usefulness serving humanity. That our percentage of illiteracy is decreasing rapidly is a demonstrated fact. We are destined to occupy a leading place in the educational column. Other phases of our common life are growing by leaps and bounds which seem almost incredible.

We are all anxious to advance the interests of our Alma Mater and this can be accomplished in no better way, we think, than by banding ourselves together as an organization whose watchword shall be "Loyalty—co-operation—encouragement"—loyalty to the past, co-operation in the present, and encouragement for the future. Since an Alumni is the only school organization representing these three in one, let us meet our responsibility in such a way as will be consistent and beneficial. The idea is tremendous and far-reaching in its significance; not only a thing desirable, but an achievement which may be accomplished if we but use our ambitions and capabilities in the furtherance of the cause. We must not be content to go on in the old way. Progress is written all over the horizon. We are facing the east, the dawn is breaking, the sky is clear and the sunshine will be glorious.

In consideration of the above, it is eminently proper that we note a few of our number who have been promoted to a higher rank because of the enthusiasm and inspiration gained in the days of M. H. S. May these and others with requisite qualifications contribute their efforts and influence towards establishing an everlasting monument worthy of commendation.

- *Axton, Fred, dentist, '83.
- Anderson, Lola, teacher, Homer, Ia., '93.
- Anderson, Grace (Mrs. Rutledge), Kamrar, Ia., '95.
- Anderson, Daisy L., stenographer, Homer, Ia., '00.
- Alsup, Zelva (Mrs. B. F. Caplinger), Maroa, Ill., '03.
- Bennett, Emanuel, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '83.
- Barndt, Fred, with C. B. & Q. R. R., Galesburg, Ill., '86.
- Beatty, Minnie (Mrs. C. H. Stoutenborough), Decatur, Ill., '86.
- Beatty, Mary (Mrs. W. F. Hill), Waukesha, Wis., '88.
- Bowden, Anna (Mrs. David Frank), Decatur, Ill., '88.
- Brake, Mertice (Mrs. Harve Mathews), Maroa, Ill., '91.
- Brake, Frank O., brakeman, Terre Haute, Ind., '93.
- Biddle, William R., real estate agent, Decatur, Ill., '94.
- Bowden, Raymond, printer, Maroa, Ill., '94.
- Bogle, Will B., '94.
- Bogle, J. Frank, electrician, Houston, Tex., '95.
- *Bean, F. J., '96.

THE ORACLE

1914

- Bennett, Florence (Mrs. H. E. Price), Clinton, Ill., '98.
 Bennett, Jessie (Mrs. J. Bradley), Decatur, Ill., '98.
 Bennett, Edwin, Decatur, Ill., '99.
 Barr, Nellie (Mrs. B. F. Connor), Sullivan, Ill., '98.
 Brake, Floyd, Springfield, Ill., '07.
 Bogle, Emma (Mrs. Duncan), Maroa, Ill., '02.
 Bolen, Harold, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Bolen, Clifford, barber, Maroa, Ill., '13.
 Bricker, Edith (Mrs. Orville Wikoff), Maroa, Ill., '11.
 Bowman, Florence, clerk, Decatur, Ill., '12.
 Bricker, Homer, student J. M. U., Decatur, Ill., '10.
 Bowden, Ivy (Mrs. Hosea Malone), Emery, Ill., '02.
 Bricker, Herbert, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Bennett, Roy, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Berger, Pearl (Mrs. Luther Pulliam), Chicago, Ill., '10.
 Bowman, Wesley, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Covault, Mary (Mrs. W. H. Schultz), Cerro Gordo, Ill., '83.
 Conover, Estella (Mrs. Geo. Robinson), Santa Rosa, Cal., '83.
 Compton, Minnie (Mrs. Frank Cooper), Maroa, Ill., '85.
 Covault, Della (Mrs. J. M. Arrington), Decatur, Ill., '86.
 *Compton, Agnes, '89.
 Champney, Nan (Mrs. E. O. Bilby), Chicago, '93.
 Cooper, Linnie (Mrs. G. W. Weyl), Decatur, Ill., '93.
 Cox, George, rancher, Glasgon, Mont., '94.
 *Covault, Viola Faye (Mrs. Jessie Pride Ogden), '94.
 Cade, Nellie Edith (Mrs. Fred O. Wikoff), Maroa, Ill., '95.
 *Compton, Lillie M., '95.
 Covault, Bert M., drug salesman, Chicago, '98.
 Crouch, Rolla O., dentist, Maroa, Ill., '99.
 Cade, Lizzie, Decatur, Ill., '99.
 Conover, Bess (Mrs. Ernest Stoutenborough), Decatur, Ill., '04.
 Crum, Lovell, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '13.
 Cramer, Hazel (Mrs. L. D. Higdon), Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Cramer, Wray, mail carrier, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Clark, Grace, Maroa, Ill., '11.
 Cooper, Whiting, Decatur, Ill., '12.
 Cooper, Laura, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Crandall, Paul, maintainer of signals, Council Hill, Ill., '06.
 Conover, Charles, farmer, Twin Falls, Idaho, '09.
 Dinwiddie, Nellie, '85.
 Dinwiddie, Lena, '88.
 Dinwiddie, Virginia, '93.
 Dill, Harry, printer, Decatur, Ill., '95.
 Delaney, Lida M. (Mrs. Cornie Braden), Maroa, Ill., '96.
 Daggett, Nina, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Dine, Neiva, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '05.
 Dine, Hazel (Mrs. Fred Eninger), Middle Inlet, Wis., '07.
 Elliott, Marcy (Mrs. Harry Pence), Augusta, Ill., '93.
 Evans, Marie (Mrs. Thomas Hill), Maroa, Ill., '10.
 East, Warren, salesman Westinghouse Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., '06.
 Ford, Ella, teacher, Decatur, Ill., '88.
 *Fry, Homer, '89.
 Ford, Jennie, teacher, Decatur, Ill., '94.
 Funk, Fern (Mrs. William J. Jones), Maroa, Ill., '98.
 Ferree, Allie, graduate nurse, Ada, Okla., '08.
 Ferree, Harry, employe Walrus factory, Decatur, Ill., '10.
 Fort, Linnie, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Gray, D. N., banker, Maroa, Ill., '86.
 Gault, Lora, graduate nurse, Indianapolis, Ind., '93.
 Gault, Georgia E., stenographer, Indianapolis, Ind., '01.
 Gibson, Edward L., minister, Alton, Ill., '95.
 Grady, Fern (Mrs. Ivan Norris), Washington, Ia., '11.
 Grady, Ethel (Mrs. Frank Stoutenborough), Maroa, Ill., '05.

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- Grady, Pearl (Mrs. Earl Stoutenborough), Maroa, Ill., '05.
 Grady, Hubert, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '03.
 Grady, Fred, lawyer, Maroa, Ill., '04.
 Glosser, Alma (Mrs. Charles Malone), Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Humphrey, Julia (Mrs. John Grau), Spiceland, Ind., '88.
 Hardin, John, Twin Falls, Idaho, '92.
 Hehir, Edward, Wabash dispatcher, Forrest, Ill., '92.
 Happer, Nelle, '93.
 Hooker, Henry Kent, physician, DeWitt, Ill., '94.
 Huff, Leilah E. (Mrs. Harry Gambrel), Decatur, Ill., '01.
 Huff, Marguerite (Mrs. J. G. Parker), Decatur, Ill., '09.
 Hobbs, Weston, employe Ide Foundry Co., Springfield, Ill., '09.
 Hobbs, Carl, electrician, Springfield, Ill., '07.
 Harding, Wallace, farmer, Tignish, P. E. I., '09.
 Hedger, Nina May, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Harris, Alma, Maroa, Ill., '13.
 Hoff, Grover, attorney, Clinton, Ill., '03.
 Hukill, Zella (Mrs. Oliver Berger), Decatur, Ill., '04.
 Harrington, Goldie, bookkeeper, Maroa, Ill., '04.
 Harding, Mary, student Bethany college, Bethany, Neb., '11.
 Harris, Newell, ice dealer, Henry, Ill., '12.
 Huff, Guyneith (Mrs. Lloyd Pollock), Clinton, Ill., '12.
 Hoffman, Nick, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Hadley, Homer, engineer, West Allis, Mich., '05.
 Huff, Oma (Mrs. Wikoff), Decatur, Ill., '05.
 Hughes, Zaida (Mrs. Lee Ferree), Ada, Okla., '05.
 Heil, Florence (Mrs. Harley Groves), Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Irwin, Alma (Mrs. O. H. Spreckelmeyer), Maroa, Ill., '07.
 Irwin, Ima, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Irwin, Ruth (Mrs. D. E. Sensibaugh), Maroa, Ill., '11.
 *Jones, Clara (Mrs. Charles T. Johnston), Decatur, Ill., '83.
 Jones, Stella (Mrs. John Jump), Maroa, Ill., '92.
 *Jones, Charles J., '94.
 Jones, Fred H., manager Gen. Ry. Signal Co., San Francisco, Cal., '95.
 Jump, Samuel, electrician, Memphis, Tenn., '01.
 Jump, Clara (Mrs. Arthur Morgan), Maroa, Ill., '03.
 Kent, Mary (Mrs. Irwin), St. Louis, Mo., '02.
 Kempshall, Agnes (Mrs. Henry Kirchoff), Farmer City, Ill., '91.
 Kerwood, Marion, grain dealer, Rowell, Ill., '95.
 Kelley, Edna, Clinton, Ill., '12.
 Kempshall, Bernice (Mrs. Fred Grady), Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Kinkaid, Florence, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '07.
 Kent, Elsie (Mrs. Brannon), Pekin, Ill., '07.
 Keatts, Oma (Mrs. J. T. Vaught), Tuscola, Ill., '09.
 Lee, Lottie L. (Mrs. A. J. Traves), Shobonier, Ill., '91.
 Leach, Clarence, artist, Denver, Colo., '98.
 Leach, Emma A. (Mrs. Albert Riskind), Maroa, Ill., '99.
 Liming, Perry, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '00.
 Lutz, Otto, chief electrician Zion City Lace Co., Zion City, Ill., '06.
 Leach, Emmett, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '04.
 Liming, Marie, teacher, St. Benedict, Iowa, '08.
 Leach, Virgil, carpenter, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Leiter, Eugenia, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Lyman, Carl, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '09.
 Moyer, Drusilla (Mrs. E. W. LaMon), Spokane, Wash., '85.
 Moyer, Blanche (Mrs. E. Dinwiddie), DePue, Ill., '86.
 Mayall, Vada, teacher, Oklahoma City, Okla., '91.
 McClung, Gertrude (Mrs. C. C. McLean), '91.
 Mayall, Mary C., '93.
 Miller, Frank, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '93.
 Meacham, Kate, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '94.
 Moone, Maude (Mrs. R. G. Philson), Colfax, Iowa, '98.

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- Mayall, Ida L. (Mrs. Hale), Denver, Colo., '98.
 McGuire, Will C., farmer, Maroa, Ill., '99.
 Malone, John A., '99.
 Mayall, Roy W., manager plumbing establishment, Oklahoma City, Okla., '01.
 Mayall, Ethel, secretary, Chicago, '01.
 Nesbitt, Robert E., veterinarian, Clinton, Ill., '91.
 Nesbitt, Nina J. (Mrs. John Giffin), Orange, Tex., '94.
 *Nesbitt, Lelah M., '00.
 Persinger, Rolland E., real estate agent, Decatur, Ill., '89.
 McLean, Louise, student Lake Forrest University, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Miller, Charles Y., lawyer, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Miller, John, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Martin, Geneva (Mrs. Floid Brake), Springfield, Ill., '07.
 Mayall, Mabel, teacher, Clinton, Ill., '07.
 McLean, Edwin P., physician, Chicago, '07.
 Moore, Fred, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '13.
 Mayall, Homer, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Meisenhelter, Marie (Mrs. Cairns), Decatur, Ill., '08.
 Morgan, Arthur, freight agent, Maroa, Ill., '03.
 McLean, John, maintainer of signals, Atlanta, Ga., '04.
 McLean, Franklin, professor, Portland, Ore., '04.
 Miller, Floid, merchant, Kalamazoo, Mich., '04.
 Morgan, Oattie, assistant postmistress, Maroa, Ill., '05.
 McCammon, Everett, teacher, Chicago, Ill., '06.
 Martin, Etta, graduate nurse, Springfield, Ill., '08.
 Norris, Ivan, farmer, Washington, Iowa, '06.
 Norris, Ray, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Oakes, Mabel, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '07.
 Osborn, Doris, nurse, Chicago, '09.
 Potter, Daisy (Mrs. Ray Moore), Fort Morgan, Colo., '92.
 Potter, Naomi, telephone operator, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Parker, James G., automobile dealer, Decatur, Ill., '09.
 Parker, Naomi (Mrs. Walter Brenning), Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Potter, Bruce, carpenter, Maroa, Ill., '04.
 Redman, Philip, clerk, Maroa, Ill., '09.
 Reed, Ella (Mrs. Wilson), Decatur, Ill., '83.
 Ross, Mae (Mrs. John Miller), Maroa, Ill., '09.
 Smith, Arra (Mrs. Taylor), Battle Creek, Mich., '86.
 Sigler, Clarence, traveling salesman, Decatur, Ill., '86.
 Smith, Lura (Mrs. Howard Blair), Lyons, Kan., '89.
 *Sigler, Stella, '89.
 Stoutenborough, C. W., farmer, Maroa, Ill., '92.
 Sigler, Bess (Mrs. W. H. Kennedy), South Pasadena, Cal., '93.
 Swan, Lillian G., art instructor, Indianapolis, Ind., '94.
 Swan, May (Mrs. C. M. Wood), Maroa, Ill., '94.
 Smart, Lotta (Mrs. J. F. Mettler), Maroa, Ill., '94.
 Smelz, Jean (Mrs. Bert Pinkerton), Monmouth, Ill., '94.
 Stoutenborough, Harry, horse buyer, Decatur, Ill., '94.
 Smith, Leilah (Mrs. Frank Bailey), Fairbury, Neb., '94.
 *Stubblefield, Pearl (Mrs. D. S. Anderson), Decatur, Ill., '95.
 Swan, Florence, instructor, Valparaiso, Ind., '98.
 Sterling, Martha (Mrs. W. W. Barracks), Deming, N. M., '98.
 Stoutenborough, Norman B., bookkeeper, Maroa, Ill., '99.
 Spooner, Charles J., farmer, Maroa, Ill., '99.
 Sterling, Louis E., watchmaker, engraver and optician, Lebanon, Ind., '99.
 Shewmaker, Vida (Mrs. W. W. Longbrake), Clinton, Ill., '00.
 Smelz, Draxie (Mrs. W. H. App), Decatur, Ill., '01.
 Sterling, Ernest, clerk in I. C. office, Clinton, Ill., '01.
 Shaw, Raymond, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '07.
 Smith, Bess (Mrs. C. J. Spooner), Maroa, Ill., '09.
 Shaw, Hazel (Mrs. M. Koons), Decatur, Ill., '09.



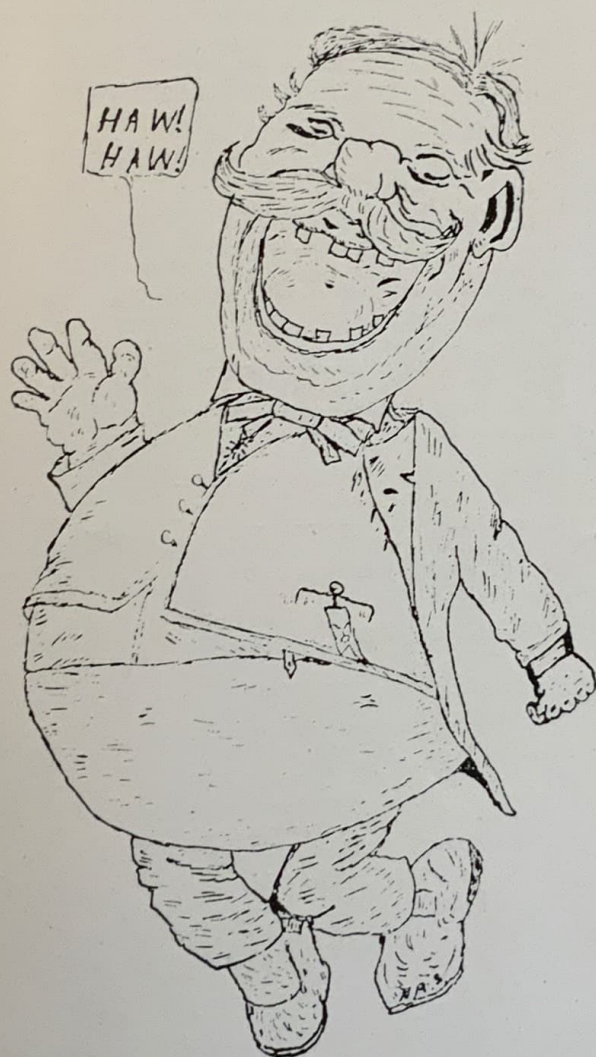
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Schultz, Frances (Mrs. Fred Waller), Maroa, Ill., '09.
 Shewmaker, Elva, Warrensburg, Ill., '02.
 Schenck, Lydia, telephone operator, Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Shaw, Hester (Mrs. Hubert Grady), Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Shaw, Georgia (Mrs. Harold Bolen), Maroa, Ill., '08.
 Stoutenborough, Fannie (Mrs. Raymond Shaw), Maroa, Ill., '06.
 Schenck, Edith A., musician, Maroa, Ill., '06.
 Shields, Ella, telephone operator, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Stoutenborough, Ernest, stenographer, Decatur, Ill., '03.
 Stoutenborough, William, physician, New Louisburg, Ohio, '03.
 Stroud, Earl, contractor, Biggar, Saskatchewan, Can., '04.
 Stoutenborough, Earl, bookkeeper, Maroa, Ill., '04.
 Shaw, Cecil, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Stivers, Walter, law student, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Sterling, Donald, salesman Westinghouse Co., Chicago, '05.
 Tozer, Ella (Mrs. T. H. McDowell), Iola, Kan., '83.
 Totten, Bertha (Mrs. David Rainey), Decatur, Ill., '88.
 *Walter, Benj. F., '83.
 Waller, Bruce, bookkeeper, Maroa, Ill., '84.
 Welch, Ed, mail carrier, Decatur, Ill., '89.
 Wysong, Gertrude, milliner, Maroa, Ill., '91.
 Wilson, Alice (Mrs. Leon Kirk), Clinton, Ill., '94.
 *Weddle, Walter, '93.
 Wysong, Max, draftsman, Indianapolis, Ind., '94.
 Wikoff, Fannie I. (Mrs. C. T. Smallwood), Mexico, Mo., '95.
 Wikoff, Fred O., assistant cashier, Maroa, Ill., '95.
 Wysong, Gay, teacher, Assumption, Ill., '00.
 Wikoff, Bernice, teacher, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 Wykoff, Ina, '02.
 Wakefield, Mona, music teacher, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Wikoff, Orville, farmer, Maroa, Ill., '12.
 Wilkey, Carter, carpenter, Maroa, Ill., '06.
 Wilkey, Mabel, graduate nurse, Springfield, Ill., '10.
 Woodward, Homer, civil engineer, '07.
 Waller, George, cashier I. H. C. office, Springfield, Ill., '10.
 Waller, Fred, engineer elevator, Maroa, Ill., '10.
 *Deceased.



ROASTS





THE ORACLE

1914

Who

Accidentally dropped candy from the fourth floor of Wasson's Studios?

Stepped on one of the Senior girl's hand?

Got 75 in deportment on account of forgery on excuses?

Father to his son, after reading his report card: "Your grades aren't so good as they were before Christmas." Son: "They always mark things down after the holidays."

Little bits of English,
Little bits of Dutch,
Makes a little Senior
Think he's very much.

Seniors: "What do Seniors say all the time?"

Soph: "I don't know."

Teacher (standing near by): "Correct."

Mr. Mitchell: "Go on and 'tend to your work or I will come back and give you some medicine."

Pupil: "I have already two bottles."

Mr. Mitchell: "What have you in your mouth, Maurice?"

Maurice: "My tongue."

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass;
All the simple little geese
Are in the Freshman class.

Mr. Mitchell (pulling curtain down): "I want a beam of light."
Senior: "There's a beam" (pointing to Ester where a beam of light had fallen).

Mr. Mitchell: "What a sunbeam!"

Miss Reller, to pupil: "In the lower world one form of punishment was to carry water in a sieve that 'leaked.' "



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Wanted

1. Permission to talk in the assembly room.
2. Flowers and bugs—Junior class.
3. Principal to improve his writing.
4. Higher grades for History students.
5. To correspond with a lady between 18 and 35 years of age.
Address Otto B. Gray, Maroa, Ill.
6. Looking glass—Senior girls.
7. A powder rag—William Jennings Miller.
8. To be immune from the mumps—26 students and two members of the faculty.

Miss Bowman: "What is this time of the year called?" (referring to March weather). "Autumn," promptly responded one small Freshman.

Junior: "I smell rubber burning."
Senior: "Oh, some Freshie has his neck too close to the radiator."

Freshman year—"Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore year—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Junior year—"As You Like It."
Senior year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Mr. Mitchell: "What is the equator?"
Will H.: "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth."

Mr. Mitchell: "Name ten domestic animals."
Maurice: "Five horses and and five cows."

Otto B.: "Can you suggest anything to nourish my hair?"
Earl S.: "Develop your brains a bit and the roots will have something to feed on."

If you don't understand certain formulas, ask Miss Bowman about them and she will demonstrate her blocks to you.



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Mr. Mitchell, after watching a boy teasing a girl who sat in front of him, said: "That reminds me of when I went to school. There was a girl who sat in front of me and I was trying to write on an examination. She kept shaking the desk so I could not write and I told her if she did not quit I would kiss her."

Pupil: "Did she quit?"

Mr. Mitchell: "No."

Ask William Miller if he likes mince pies and milk. Well!

"Now, Guy," reprimanded his teacher, "don't let me catch you throwing any more chalk."

"Well, what will I do when the other fellers throw it?" asked Guy.

"Just come and tell me," Miss Bowman replied.

"Tell you," he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, you couldn't hit the broadside of a barn."

Freshman—Thorn.

Sophomore—Stem.

Junior—Bud.

Senior—Rose.

Mr. Mitchell: "What is undue influence?"

Guy F.: "Influence not yet due."

One day while on a Botany expedition one of the girls after examining a sycamore tree exclaimed: "Oh, see that syc-a-dog tree."

Soph: "Have you 'Freckles?' "

Freshie: "No, I used to have when I was a kid, though."

Soph: "You boob, I mean have you read 'Freckles?' "

Freshie: "No, mine were brown."

Lost, strayed or stolen, the Senior's and Junior's knowledge of English III and IV.

Found in the Laboratory—Two locks of hair; owner may have same by proving that they are his and paying for advertisement. (They are somewhat mixed with gum.)

Mr. Mitchell (in history): "What helped to advance the art of printing?"

Raymond: "Spectacles."

The Art of Flunking.

Most flunkers flunk like a two-cylinder engine climbing a hill.
They go at it thus:

I think I can. I think I can. I think I can. I think I can. I
think I can. I think I can.

I—think—I—can. I—think—I—can.

I—think—I—can. I—think—I—can.

I—think—I—can't!

Beatitudes.

Blessed are they who sit up and look wise, for they shall not be called on.

Blessed are they who inhabit the front seats of the assembly room, for they shall receive the blessings of the teachers.

Blessed are the Seniors, for theirs is the whole high school.

Blessed is Miss Bowman, for those who bear their tribulations with fortitude shall have peace at last.

Blessed are the Juniors, for next year they shall inherit the whole earth.

Blessed are they who study Geometry, for they shall have their minds developed.

Blessed are they who behave well, for they shall inherit Mr. Mitchell's favor.

Blessed are they who pull not the giggle-triggers, for they shall be exalted in Miss Reller's eyes.

Blessed are those who can sing high tenor, for they shall bask in the sunlight of Miss Watson's smile.

Blessed are they who are good at bluffing, for they shall finally inherit a sheep-skin.

Blessed are those who make good recitations, for they shall receive popular grades.

Blessed are the studious, for they shall receive much fruit from the tree of knowledge.

One of the Senior girls on her way skating was walking on the up and down snowdrifts. After going so far the expected accident came. She fell down and stepped on her hand. Wonder who got the blame? Well! Ask John P.

Miss Bowman says that cents (sense) count two points. If that is it, some people only count one point.

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W. C. DINE

To "Ted," who for many years has been the care-taker of our school and who has never tired in working in our behalf and for the interest of the faculty, we most respectfully dedicate this page.

LITERATURE



A Race With Fire

(By Pauline Cooper)

The Twin Sisters lakes were connected by the Twin river and surrounded by great pine forests for miles and miles. It was an Indian summer and the forests were very dry. That very morning Tom and Harry Martin's father had told them not to leave the east Twin Sister, on the shores of which they lived, as he did not know when a great forest fire might break out.

But the boys had not obeyed. They were this minute on the west Twin Sister lake in their new motor boat, the "Emma Jane."

"Say, Harry! I haven't had a bite yet; I'm going to quit," Tom exclaimed as he reeled in his line.

"Oh, pshaw! be a little patient, we haven't started to fish yet," replied Harry.

"Well, I don't like the looks of the sky over by the river," remarked Tom, "remember what father told us this morning. I think we had better start home."

"Start home—no! the sky has looked that way for weeks from the fires east of us," answered Harry, as he changed the position of his line.

"I'm hungry, and if you won't go home, we might as well eat—what do you say?" asked Tom.

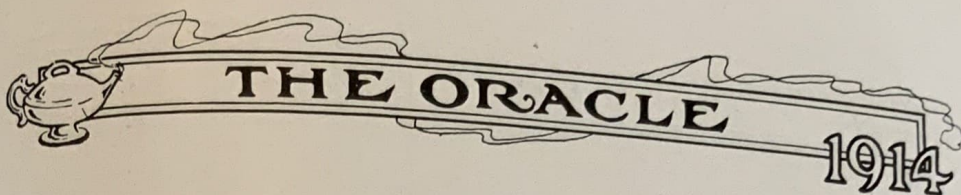
"Say yes, of course. Did you ever see me refuse anything to—" But Harry stopped, deprived of all action, for over the trees between them and home, something was curling up—yes, it was smoke, and—oh, could it be true?—there was a spike of flame, and another, and another!

"Tom! the fire! the fire! See—look!" he yelled in alarm as he pointed to the ever-increasing conflagration.

Tom turned around with a start, upsetting the lunch as he did so. He looked at the fire, then at the wind, and exclaimed in an excited voice, "We must beat it or we will be cut off from home. See! the wind is blowing the fire right toward the river, and that's our only way to escape. Turn on the motor, Harry," he commanded, "but leave some power in reserve for an emergency."

Harry had started the motor in a moment and they were fairly flying to the mouth of the river. But when they reached it they saw, with a sinking of the heart, that the fire was there also, but they couldn't or wouldn't turn back now.

"If we can pass Eel's Point we will be all right," said Tom. Eel's



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Point was the narrowest part of the river, it was so narrow that the trees' branches interlaced with one another and made a ceiling over the stream.

The fire was roaring so that the boys could hardly hear one another talk, and it had reached the edge of the water, but the boys kept on the left hand side, away from the fire as much as they could.

As soon as they entered the part of the river called Eel's Point, Tom yelled, "Harry, you act as lookout—you never can tell what might happen along here, it is so narrow."

Harry had hardly stationed himself until he cried in alarm, "Back the boat! Back her! Quick! Quick!" There was a ripping, rending, splintering sound from shore, and with a crash down came a burning pine tree. It fell right across the river, thus cutting off their only way of escape.

The boys stared at it, stupefied for the moment, then Tom murmured, "What an escape!"

They looked at each other blankly, the question uppermost in their minds, "What shall we do?" There was fire on both sides of them, for the end of the burning pine which touched the opposite shore had set the shrubs and grass on fire; fire in front of them, and fire above them, for the interlaced branches were burning. As Tom said afterwards, "They were in a regular cave of fire."

Harry's eyes finally roved back to the object of their impaired progress, and uttered a glad cry, for the pine had burned until it had fallen apart leaving a space wide enough for the "Emma Jane" to go through. Harry said even in their extreme peril he thought about the Red Sea parting for the Israelites.

The boat was started, and they flew up the river. It was so hot the boys could hardly breathe, and the broken limbs and sparks were showering around them. Harry was kept busy pouring water over the boat and he forgot themselves, until he glanced at Tom and was horrified by seeing his coat on fire. "Tom! Tom! your coat's on fire," cried Harry.

"Great Scott! put it out," exclaimed Tom in alarm, "I can't leave the wheel."

Harry threw a bucket of water over him and laughed in spite of their peril, for if he ever saw a drowned rat he said he saw one in Tom.

After one or two more minor accidents they were out of danger and in sight of home. Two more joyful boys could scarcely be imagined.

"Look at the fire now," said Tom. "And to think we were in the center of it all. I wouldn't go through it again for anything in this world. And it could all have been avoided if—"

"—we had obeyed our father," finished Harry.



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Don't Be An Alexander.

Don't expect the new worlds to come around to your back door. Roll up your eye-lids as well as your sleeves. Learn by looking. It isn't what you get out of books, it's what the books get out of you. Don't be an Alexander. There are new worlds to conquer, new worlds of commerce, of science, of politics, of better living. Find them.

As we stand out there in the future looking back, this book will bring to us many fond recollections of happy days when we were young and with no great cares. How many will there be when those thoughts come who will not say, "I wish that I might be there again." No doubt everyone will one day enjoy immensely the perusing of this volume. When you do, think of all those who were interested in its success.

The world to a graduate appears as a great open mouth, anxiously waiting to accommodate anyone who will enter its capacious jaws.

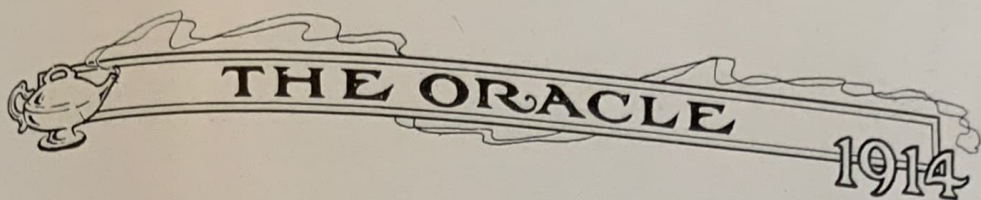
How to Kill This Book.

1. Be a tight-wad and borrow the other fellow's book to read.
 2. Do not take any interest in high school affairs.
 3. Make fun of the book.
 4. Read the advertisements and patronize the other fellow.
 5. Compare our book with similar books from experienced pens.
-

Benevolence.

I shall pass through this world but once. Anything, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now, let me not defer nor neglect it. For I shall not pass this way again.

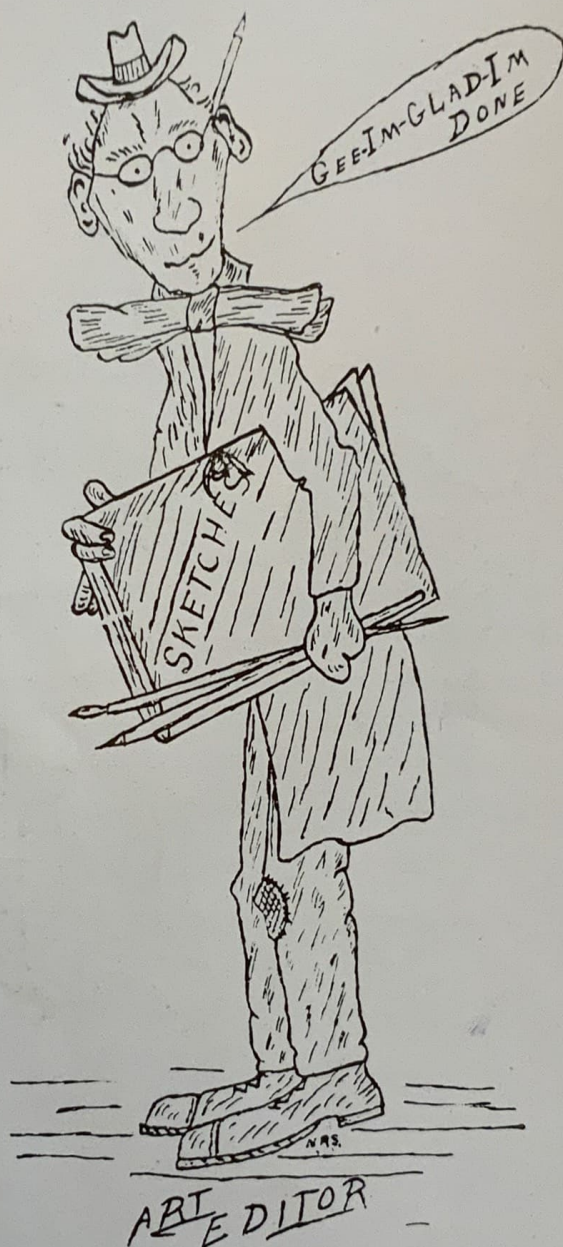
—Contributed.



Card of Thanks

We wish to thank in this manner all those who in any way assisted us in making this book a success. We thank those who have subscribed, those who have advertised and those who have given us words of encouragement. The staff wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Reller for having conceived the idea of having a year book, and for her work in its behalf.

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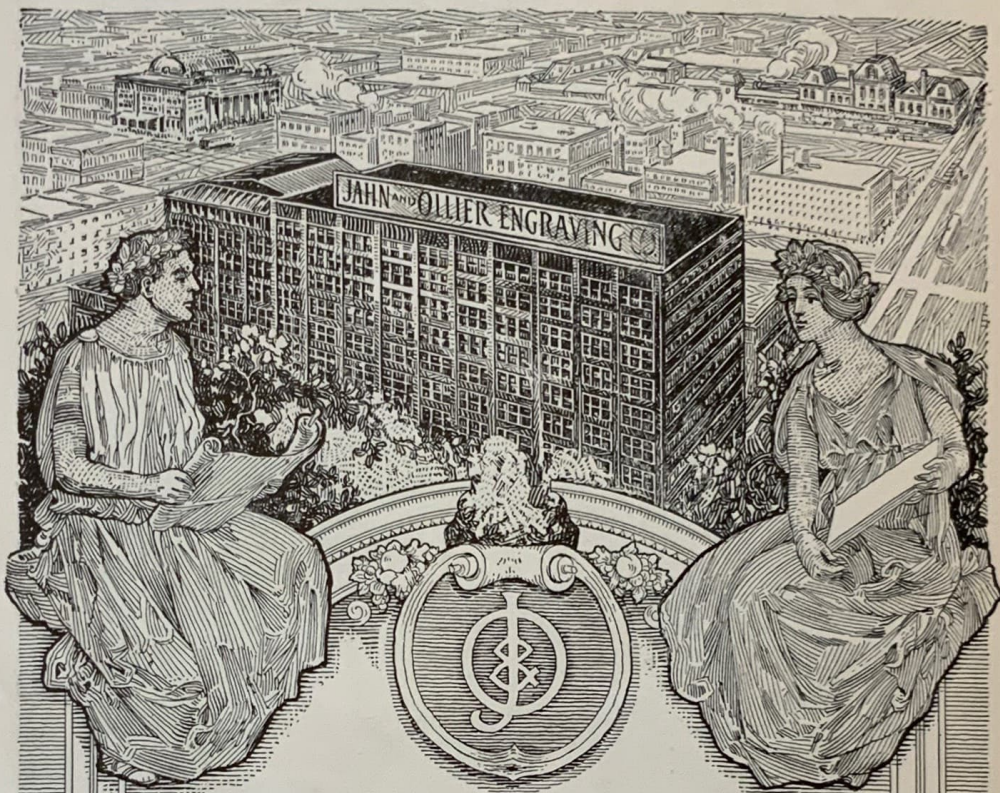
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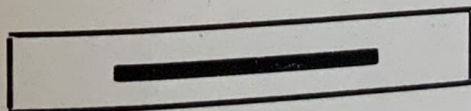
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
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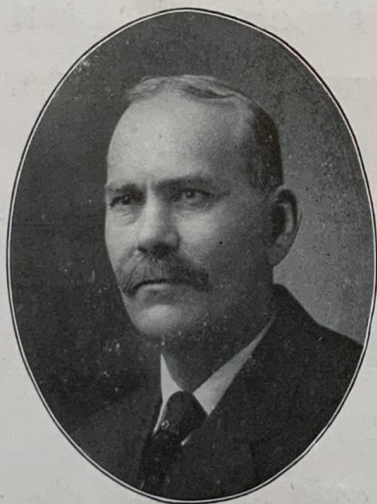
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